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The Seed

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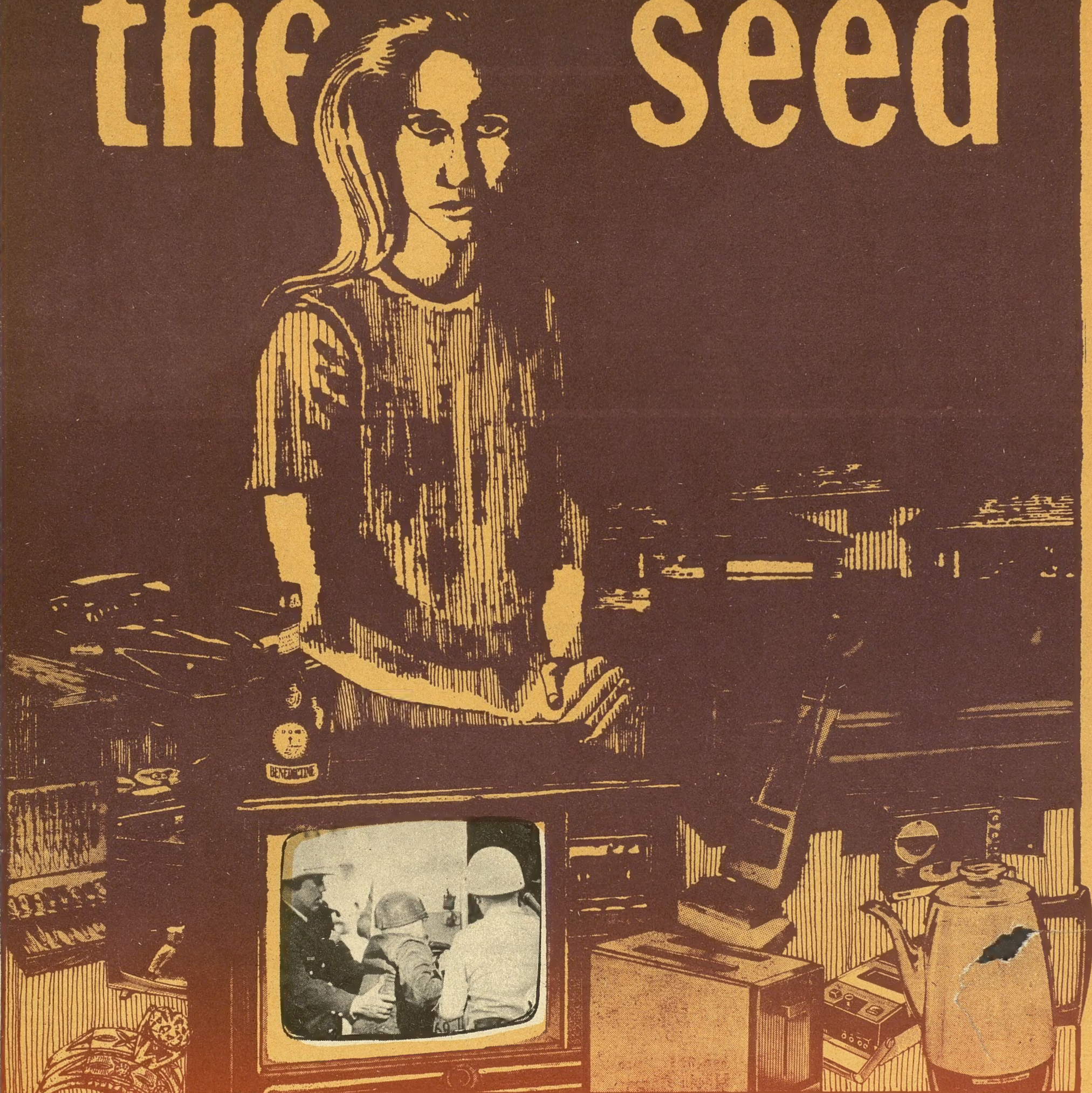


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# the seed



**Funny, you don't look like a glutton.**

*Wanderoo 1969*

**Be a card  
carrying revolutionary**

**Youth International  
The Idea Bank**

But if you're looking for a change, we've got one for you.

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A Liberate Yourself Now card.

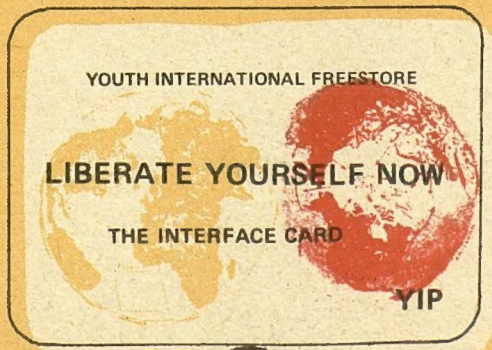
To begin with, it's revolutionary because you don't want to buy all those useless possessions that chain you to materialism.

You can use it across the United States and in 44 foreign countries.

Whenever you feel like buying still another piece of garbage that won't make you one bit happier, just look at your Liberate Yourself Card. Look at it. Look into it... Deep into it and suddenly you feel free. Suddenly you have the inner fortitude to turn around and say, "No more installment slavery!" — and walk out.

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Liberate Yourself Now is the card of the future. But don't wait, it can be yours today.



Use your Liberate Yourself Now cards whenever you see these symbols.

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carrying revolutionary. You will be contacted.**

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



# Chicago Seed

This is Volume 4 No 7 of the Chicago Seed published every two weeks by Seed Publishing Inc. out of 2551 North Halsted, and this issue from off of the floor and out of our hassles. We are members of LNS, UPS and The Family.

Hellos and information we can give you for just about any question you can ask if we can answer it is 929-0133; mostly for our important national business contacts and our international correspondent in London, is 929-0134.

This issue has been a long way comin': all the way down the block, a wrong turn on three(4) weeks, and a long fall through the downs and hassles. There hasn't been much consistency in the office hours lately, try again later, maybe someone will be here.

People who stayed long enough to see this issue in print are: Wanderoo, Armand, George, Marshall, Rick, Eliot, Judy. Steve Haines, Lynda, Ann Waldman & her pygmy friends, Abe, Al, Mike Gold, Mike Abrahams, Keith Lampe, Chicago 8, Jeff Falk, Miller Francis, the diggers & yippies, & 'specially to Donovan & the street gang.

i am terry

## DOPE...

One unfortunate fact of life; of our life-style, is the constant presence of undercover narcotics agents and their tools, the paid informers, in our midst.

The Seed has discovered, however, an ominous escalation of this cultural invasion. Extremely reliable sources, who shall remain nameless for obvious reasons, have revealed that two of Chicago's head shops, supposed pillars of the community, are owned by:

- a) a State Narcotics agent; and
- b) a long-time police informer, with a specialty in in dope cases.

The Righteous Raisin, on Jonquil Terrace near Paulina, is owned by Bob Kahn, whose badge reads "State Narcotics Investigator".

Home, at 3304 W. Foster, is owned by Sol Shapiro who's been a trick for years and still does business with "the boys". He has busted many of our brothers over the years, often getting arrested with the "friends" he betrayed, and then mysteriously cut loose the next day. He also runs the Liberation Church on Fullerton Avenue. BE ADVISED!!!!!! BE CAREFUL!!!!!!

Seed	2628 N Halsted	929-0133
Rising of Terry	1876 N Sheffield	472-7090
Second City	2120 N Halsted	549-8760
Student Mob	9 S Clinton	236-1895
Conspiracy	28 E Jackson	427-7773
SDS	1608 Madison	666-3874
Chicago Film Coop (Newsreel)	2440 N Lincoln	641-0932
Print Co-Op	6710 N Clark	973-0219
Revolutionary		
Auto Co-Op	3855 N Ashland	528-5112
Black Panthers	2350 W Madison	243-8276
Concerned Citizens	2512 N Lincoln	348-6842
Sedgewick Mental	1900 N Sedgewick	248-2018
Health Center		
VD Clinic	27 E 26th Street	842-0222
Grace Church	555 W Belden	549-1002
(runaways - random places)		
LSD Rescue		664-1422
Kinetic Playground	4812 N Clark	784-1700
Aragon	1106 W Lawrence	561-8323
Triangle Prod	211 E Chicago	787-7585
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Theatre	70 E Congress	922-2110
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CADRE	519 W North Avenue	664-6895
Hyde Park		
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Service	407 S Deaborn	427-2533
ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564
Law Student		
Committee	357 E Chicago	649-8462
PO-lice	(request dist)	922-4747
PO-lice Emer	" "	PO5-1313
Audy Home	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2300
Cook County Jail	26th & California	523-0101
Ombudsman	Box 8080. Chi 60680	744-8080

# Oh Mama, can th

MORATORIUM.... 1969

The Chicago Civic Center Plaza. The same plaza where in April of 1968, citizens massed to protest the war in Vietnam. The same pool in the same plaza where in April of 1968 a longhair waded in anger after being pushed in by a member of the Chicago police department. The blood-puddled plaza. If you were there in April of 1968 you cannot forget.

The moratorium received enough favorable establishment publicity to give one the hope that this would be the first effective General Strike in American history. But it did not happen today in Chicago.

What happened in Chicago's Civic Center plaza, thirteen years after the United States' involvement in Vietnam and thousands of protest marches later was that a well-groomed female secretary said to a bearded protestor "go home, kid." What happened here 34,000 American lives later was that a young girl said to her beau, "did you KNOW they were spending all that money there?!"

By noon the plaza was packed. Like the sidewalk in front of the Conrad Hilton on Wednesday evening, August 28, 1968. Most of the people were milling. Many were leafletting. A few even picketing. The Vietnam Moratorium Committee urged everyone to "spread the word... work for peace." The Socialist Labor Party's leaflet headlined "the majority want peace, but... Vietnam peace talks enter second year. No end in sight." The Conspiracy 8 and People Against Racism shouted "Stop the trial! Stop the trial! Stop the trial!" The Chicago Peace Council counseled "bring all the troops home now." The Wobblies said "this war is not for workers," and the United World Federalists asked "wouldn't you rather help prevent war than bury its victims?" (The leafletting Federalist lady also said "we'll get the police out of uniform and into business suits.")

And so it went. The uniforms were business suits. Standing at the foot of "Chicago's Picasso" (O Chicago!) were three groups of people, each carrying their own banner: Businessmen for Peace, Indians for Peace, and Jewish Women for Peace. At seeing this new coalition you start to get the feeling you're Terry Southern at the Sheboygan Bratwurst Festival: BUSINESS PEACE! INDIAN PEACE! JEWISH PEACE! (On the sidewalk, standing atop a truck was a young cigar-smoking fella carrying HIS sign: JUNKIES FOR PEACE.) (Oh, but it's true. That's why satire is dead.)

The Moratorium rally was conceived in 1956. It took 13 years to pull it off. After the Democratic Convention street-scenes, hearing today's shouts of "join us" and "the whole world's watching" only cause shivers of sadness to jangle through your spine. Sadness, because it was largely young people, Clean For Gene's and high school hippies-in-training, shouting the now empty cliches which had so much

meaning, it seemed, on the streets of Chicago last August. Before the indictments. Before the SDS Convention. Before Woodstock. And before the Weatherman.

Today it was safe for the middle-class liberals to come out in force, but not too much force - "I know you're not an SDS," the Jewish woman for peace said to a young Wobbler, "you look like a nice boy."

Thanks, mom. Everyone can come out for peace now. It's safe. You're here. And so is Dad and his business friends. And a couple a Indians.

Hey, what're the Mets doin'?

[The New York Mets defeated the Baltimore Orioles 2 to 1 today in an extra-inning ballgame.]

Marshall Rosenthal

## POLITICS

Weatherman politics have been condensed to mean that: 1) All white people are bad, 2) There is no such thing as adventurism, 3) Women can do it alone, 4) The Revolutionary Youth Movement is not an interim strategy, it is the strategy.

This is actually not very much of a simplification. The basis of their politics is contained in a 15,000 word statement published by the National office of SDS and available from them on request. It is nearly impossible to read. Basically what they say is that it is all right to organize people around their own survival and thus achieve a revolution in a Third World country or America's black colony, but you cannot do this in white America, since the well-being of white people often comes at the expense of black and brown people. Therefore you must organize white Americans around revolution and struggle, around guilt over white America's exploitation of the world. Furthermore, they say there is a worldwide revolution going on which you must join now, with the implication being that you may be killed if you don't. Most everyone but Weatherman thinks these politics are way off. To say that this country was built on and runs solely at the expense of black and third world people is an insult to our grandfathers and their fathers, and all the working people of this country.

## ORGANIZING

Weathermen organize around "instant polarization": we're communists, we dig the cong; if you're with us right now let's go, if you aren't fuck you. They think that many, perhaps tens of thousands of kids can be enlisted in an army which has an image of supermilitant streetfighting and cop beating. They believe that if they show they can win, thousands will want to join a winning side now. In all of these respects they have unquestionably been a failure. Several actions over the summer in Detroit, Pittsburg, and other places were designed to project a militant

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thank you, from the druggy isolationists...

CHICAGO SEED  
2551 N HALSTED  
CHICAGO 60614



# is really be the means?

image that would attract kids to Chicago for the action. However, no one outside of Weatherman cadre came. The projected thousands who would be attracted by the prospect of kicking some cops' asses never materialized. We can only conclude that the strategy of organizing kids around struggle is unworkable, that people as a whole do not fight because they want to, but because they have to.

## MEDIA PROJECTION

This again, seems to be a failure, although it is really too early to tell. Far from telling the world, or even alienated kids, that theirs is a winning side, the Weathermen project desperate kids hurting a few cops at the expense of hundreds of people in jail facing stiff charges. Few people want to join a Kamikaze corps, and on the whole this is what Weatherman projected through the mass media. Elrod's broken neck was a good sob story for the media, but not quite enough damage to justify several hundred man-years in jail. Most cops were out of the hospital in a couple of days, while many Weathermen sustained concussions, broken bones, etc. The Weathermen were tactically out of sight, they ruined the cops in that respect on Saturday, but what was projected was, in the words of many a journalist, "insanity."

Two actions which had definite targets, the induction center raid and the high school jailbreak didn't come off. Significantly, the Weathermen decided to cancel the high school jailbreak in favor of the Loop riot. They had little target-consciousness in the action. We understand throwing rocks at rich people on the Gold coast and attacking cops; we don't understand punching out the windows of every car on the street, VW's as well as Cadillacs. They showed a great predilection for wanton, petty destruction, but very little consciousness in terms of targets.

## INTENT

The Weathermen's announced intent was to materially hurt the American Empire; to divert enough troops and/or resources from the war effort to materially the VC or the black struggle in this country. This intention was predicated on 5000 people showing up. Had there been 5000 people as dedicated as the Weathermen, there is no doubt that they could have precipitated a severe crisis and probably would have diverted some resources from other fronts. But they didn't bring 5000. Nevertheless, they decided to pursue their original course, with very little manpower, to try to project their militant streetfighting image so that they can work off that image in the future. Interestingly enough, they may have succeeded in diverting government repression resources from such organizations as the Panthers and RYM II to themselves; organizations which the Weathermen denounce as revisionist and counterrevolutionary. And, as a side note to bank robbers, revolutionaries, et al., there was a severe cop shortage in Chicago for a time Saturday. What with a couple thousand cops at the RYM II march and the Weatherman action, a contingent covering the black march from the West Side, and some kind of Bircher rally in the Loop, more than half of Chicago's on duty cops were tied up with political action.

## MILITARY CRITIQUE

Weathermen have displayed a certain tactical naivete all through the summer, and this carried through to the first two days of the action. But the Saturday action showed that they had learned from their mistakes, and have made definite progress (although this kind of progress is exceedingly expensive).

## LEADERSHIP

Weathermen have a very strong leadership orientation, relying heavily on leaders for their politics and tactics. The jailing of several key leaders hurt them throughout the action, but did not disable them.

## JAIL

Weatherman spirits are reportedly high in jail. Generally, they consider the action a stunning victory. Many of them have no immediate prospects for bail (a total of about \$75,000).



## REACTION

They will be virtually defenseless in the courts. No liberal would dare raise a finger to support them, and the city administration and the Federal Government both have a clear mandate to do whatever they want with them. Expect wholesale indictments on various charges. The Weathermen know this and are doing the best they can to defend themselves.

## PSYCHOLOGY: EXTERNAL

The Weathermen seem to have no understanding of the mass psychology of the nation. The great triumph of the Democratic convention was that it culminated a long process of splitting up the nation's psyche; it reinforced the growing doubt and uncertainty that the country has been subject to in the '60's. All kinds of movements have contributed to this doubt: hippies, America losing the war, the New Left, Wallace, the black rebellion, the 'generation gap', not to mention such sundry phenomena as inflation. America is a schizoid, paranoid, insecure country, as opposed to the smug and complacent pattern of the '50's. There is no governing psychology anymore; this continent is up for grabs. The key to this schizophrenia is the concept of legitimacy. All of the above movements have been at least partly legitimate forms of action and existence to at least part of the people outside of those involved. The government

has been unable to move decisively against any portion of the above movements for fear of alienating their sympathizers, because of divisions within the government, and because the legitimacy of the government itself has been increasingly called into question. No such support exists now for Weatherman; the government, as stated above, can go ahead and smash them and nearly everyone will applaud the move. The only other alternative is the Panthers, whom the government has failed to drive out of existence, though not from lack of trying. The Panthers have survived because of their liberal support and because of their substantial base in the community. The Weathermen have no such prospects. Furthermore, the Weathermen have to some degree succeeded in uniting their opposition. They have thoroughly legitimized repression; no liberal could dare protest the illegal means which will surely be used to harass and detain the Weathermen, and perhaps the nationwide schism over the tactics used by the likes of Daley and Mitchell will to some degree be healed. Their polarization tactic has succeeded—in uniting nearly everyone against them. Weatherman understanding of mass media projection and psychology is nowhere.

## PSYCHOLOGY: INTERNAL

The Weathermen operate in very tight collectives. In some of these collectives monogamous relationships are outlawed, because a good communist must have no relationships which he can retreat to when subjected to criticism by the collective. Everything is organized so that the collective members cannot ever run away from criticism; they must always face up to their critics and either refute them or admit that they were wrong. That's fine and exemplary and has produced some startling changes in the people in a very short time. The problem is that Weathermen seem to apply this internal technique to all their organizing situations; New York Weatherman once proposed that people should organize GIs by running through Fort Dix yelling "GIs are pigs", apparently thinking that GIs would take this criticism to heart, admit that they're pigs if they're still GIs, and immediately join the Weathermen or the Cong. Similarly, Bill Ayers, a Weatherman leader, coined as a Weatherman slogan, "fight the people". The general concept has been that it is possible to beat correct ideas into people's heads, and to get them to join you if you're tough and blustery enough towards them. Of course, the general population does not live in tight collectives, and has a tendency to run away from criticism, unlike the Weathermen, but the Weatherman actions seem to say that they don't recognize this.

Weatherman refuses to deal with the movement saying that they're dealing with the people. If you oppose Weatherman you are a "revisionist", a "right-winger", "reactionary", "anti-communist" all of which are interchangeable and apparently mean the same thing. It is impossible to engage in any kind of constructive rap with them. If the Weathermen were a little more believable, they would serve to get a lot movement people off their asses, but as it is they are just ignored and the good criticism is thrown out with the bad.

## WOODSTOCK:

This whole thing has very little to do with Woodstock.

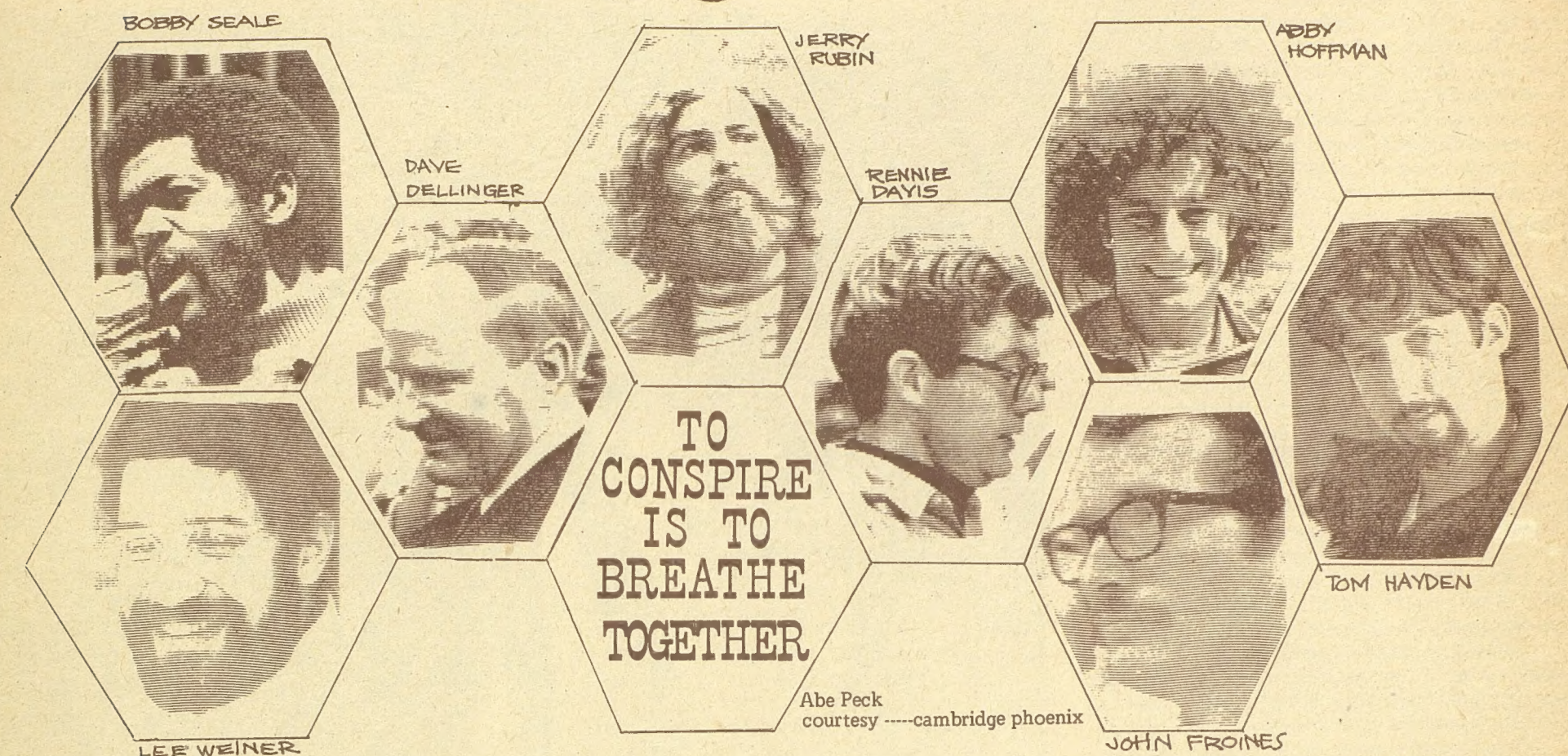
## GOOD THINGS ABOUT IT:

Despite all the frothings in the mass media, Elrod is a pig, as anyone who has been to political trial in this city can testify. Tactical possibilities for street-fighting have been explored, and we can all learn from this experience in the street.

to P. 26



# 1968 CONSP



Opening day of what the director of the Illinois division of the American Civil Liberties Union has called "possibly the most important political trial in the history of the U.S." was fun. The "official pogrom," designed by the guy who put together the program for the N.Y. Mets, conveyed the metaphor of a World Series of Injustice between the Chicago Conspiracy (red ink) and the Washington Kangaroos (color them red, white and blue), and most of the 3200 young 'uns assembled in front of the Federal Building for the first pitch rapped about how the Conspiracy would play 8 left-fielders or form circles around the courthouse in an attempt to exorcise evil spirits at the 1967 pentagon demonstrations. Word got around that the Conspiracy, playing out of Lincoln Park, was 7 to 5 to take the 'roos.

Two and one half weeks of proceedings have made it clear that the Government team is throwing nothing but curves, and that the defense will have to do some heavy hitting to avoid striking out.

The Conspiracy was founded on March 20 of this year, when 8 prominent political figures were indicted for interstate travel and for use of interstate facilities "with the intent to incite, organize, promote, encourage, participate in, and carry on a riot, and to commit acts of violence in furtherance of a riot..." The government scouts did a thorough job of drafting people from all sectors of the Movement: Panther party chairman Bobby Seale from the black liberation forces; Cambridge's old electronic savage, Abbie Hoffman, and yippie-in-arms Jerry Rubin from the counter culture; pacifist Dave Dellinger and Rennie Davis from the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam; SDS founder Tom Hayden; and unknown college teachers Lee Weiner and John Froines, allegedly from the bomb squad. It is fully consistent with both the Government's goals and the basic crudity of the law under which they were charged that it was introductions all around when the defense first got together to plan its strategy. The government believes that dissent is something that people do, because, in the words of our wonderful Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, they are "modern ideological criminals". It passed the law not to deal with specific offenses, but to punish "leaders" who "intend" to commit an illegal act. Nobody needs to have committed a crime -- or to have worked together on a controversial project -- and the law makes it possible for an inductive prosecutor to work backwards from any civil disorder and charge everyone on the current shit list.

Example: I am an outside agitator tired of fomenting strife in the midwest. I call my friend Reggie in Cambridge and say, "Hey Reg, what's happening?" Reg tells me that some usurious landlord is demanding a 20% rent increase from all the impoverished college students and welfare mothers to whom he rents.

Cashing my last check from Hanoi, I slide to Boston on a borrowed half-fare card. I meet Reggie in front of the landlord's office and he lays a sign on me.

There we are, picketing away to our heart's content, when the landlord's wife arrives. Determined to bring her husband his pound of flesh that is his minimal requirement, she charges into our perfectly legal half-of-the-sidewalk keep-moving line and knocks Reg, me and another fellow on to the pavement (a very large woman, she is a true representative of what is known as "the pig power structure").

A guy from the Boston Red Squad (thought police) recognizes me as a known crazed radical fresh from the shores of Lake Michigan. He tells his boss who I am; however, since we are engaged in a legal activity, the cops can't bust us for anything. But wait a minute! Law and order is not thwarted. Reggie used the phone (to wit: an interstate facility) to summon me to the East. I took a plane to get there (to wit: another interstate facility). Shazaam! We are cracked in accord with the stipulation of Public Law 90.

It turns out that this third guy, a total stranger to both Reggie and I until the moment of our arrest, had mentioned to a police informer that he was going to fire bomb the landlord's office as soon as everybody went home.

Since the prosecution says we are co-conspirators, we become liable for his statements. The headline in the Boston Globe reads, "Three indicted in Bomb Plot."

Americans have bad habits when it comes to politics: they leave everything to their representatives and they often fail to look for the causes of events. This pair of attitudes allows Congressmen to wheel and deal with whomever they please and then placate their disturbed constituents with heavy-handed legislation that never affects

For a long time in this country black people and their white allies challenged the racism that weaves through the bowels of America like a tapeworm without end. In 1966, the House, no longer able to ignore the graves of scores of activists, enacted a civil rights Act. This Act was killed in the Senate and the next year saw black people all over America say "No more" with bottles, bricks, Molotov cocktails, and guns. Liberal forces in the House drafted the Civil Rights Act of 1967 in an attempt to respond to ghetto grievances and end ghetto violence before the plague known as "backlash" decimated their ranks.

If the liberals emerged as experts at mugwumping, then the block of House conservatives showed themselves to be past masters at keeping people in mental and physical chains. Following Nazi Hermann Goering's advice that "...it is the leaders who determine policy and it is always a simple matter to drag the people along...", they exerted enough pressure to pass the anti-riot act. There was no jurisprudential need for the act, since it duplicated laws extant in every state. The act was nothing more than a device to focus on those who understand that broad problems do not respect the imaginary dotted lines called state boundaries. The act was about blaming a small group of black men for the woes of the nation. Thereby reinforcing the "anti-uppity" premise basic to the preservation of a bigoted order.

Both the Civil Rights and Anti-Riot Acts moved into the Senate in March of 1968. At this time, Strom Thurmond (Rep. - S.C.), racist ripoff of the poor whites and blacks of his state, former presidential candidate and kingmaker-to-be of the next president, assumed leadership of a filibuster on the Civil Rights Act that was to last for 2 months. When all that wind failed to stop passage, he succeeded in tacking the Anti-Riot Act on as an amendment to the CR Bill.

In a speech lifted from either kafka or your last acid bummer, Representative Kramer (Rep. Fla.) welcomed the Senate-approved 2-in-one bill back to the House as a memorial to the recently slain Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Kramer was the man who had introduced the previous years bill as a weapon to be used against... you guessed it, Dr. King. Five days later on April 10th, the House passed the combined act. Johnson signed it on the 11th, and the indictment dates from the 12th. Only the villains have changed. Fortified with this background, let us journey to the 23rd floor of Mies van der Rohe's Federal Building. Here we enter the land of Julius Jennings Hoffman. "Julius the Just," as he is known to his friends, has the rep of being the most pro-government judge in the Circuit, a sentiment that most bench watchers trace to his humble immigrant background. Julius graduated Northwestern University Law School in 1915, shortly before the birth of defendant David Dellinger. He married into and became a powerful cog in the machinery of the Brunswick Corporation (military-industrial complex) long before anti-war figure Rennie Davis was born. He has been described as an "aged hobbit" by Washington Post reporter Nicholas Von Hoffman. He is not a hero to the youth of America.

Judge Hoffman bears a startling resemblance in both appearance and speech to that benign cartoon character, Mr. Magoo. But this Magoo, as he is known around the Conspiracy's defense office, makes no secret of his animus toward the defendants' challenge to the injustice maintained by the system that he guarantees. So far, Hoffman-Magoo has seen fit to hamper the defense by: barring legal staff from the defense table, denying nearly every defense motion, and telling chief counsel William Kunstler, "You finally won one" when his motion to recess three minutes early was granted.

Playing on the jury's probable regional prejudice by constant reference to the out of state origins of most of the defendants and lawyers.

Accusing a legal aide of forgery and of appearing before him under false pretenses after encouraging the young man to make a motion "as a human being."

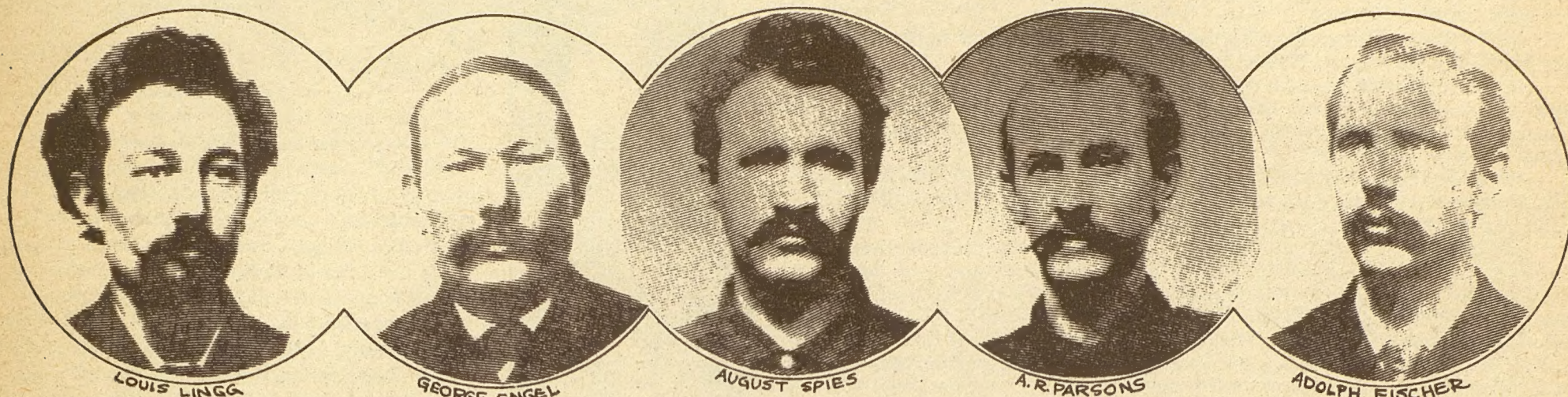
Fighting counsel Len Weinglass for "contumacious conduct," which could result in a six month jail sentence after the trial ends.

Holding the defense to its pretrial roster of nine attorneys, which so far has resulted in:

CONT'D ON PAGE 6



# IRACY 1886



LOUIS LINGG

GEORGE ENGEL

AUGUST SPIES

A. R. PARSONS

ADOLPH FISCHER

When revolution is in the air and extremist groups take to the streets, the Establishment smells a conspiracy to commit violence - usually led by outside agitators.

So it was in August, 1968, when 10,000 of us took to the streets in Chicago for six days of protest and eight of us were selected and are being tried for conspiracy to incite riot and crossing interstate lines with the intention to incite riot.

So it was too, in May, 1886, when thousands of laborers took to the streets in Chicago for four days and eight of their leaders were tried for conspiracy to commit murder.

There are many similarities between the Chicago 8 conspiracy trial and the Haymarket Square conspiracy trial.

The working class in Chicago lived in squalor. They were exploited by the robber barons, who paid very little for very long hours. And they were fed up, angry, ready for action.

The eight-hour day movement, like the movement to end the war in Viet Nam, was sweeping the country with little success. There were threats of national strikes if the eight-hour demand was not met.

By May 1, the Chicago labor movement was ready to explode.

May Day was a Saturday, the last working day of the week. And thousands of workers struck to march that May Day - which is the real Labor Day in America despite Establishment bullshit.

Central to this workers' protest were a group of "anarcho-communists" - mostly European immigrants who had left Marx for Bakunin. Many had witnessed the Paris Commune of 1871 and followed Johann Mast to America in 1882.

Chicago was the center of the anarchist movement in America. The "Alarm" was their underground paper, which ran articles like:

Dynamite! Of all the good stuff, this is the stuff. Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch pipe, plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate neighborhood of a lot of rich loafers who live by the sweat of other people's brows, and light the fuse. A most cheerful and gratifying result will follow.

It was in this climate that the May Day labor march took place in 1886. Sunday, the workers' day of rest, was peaceful.

On Monday, strikers attacked scabs at Black Rd. near the McCormick reaper factory. The pigs joined the scabs with their clubs and guns. Six strikers were killed and many wounded.

One witness was August Spies, a writer for the daily "Arbeiter-Zeitung". His article that afternoon called for a mass rally at 8:30 p.m. on Tuesday, the next day, in Haymarket Square in the middle of Chicago's slums.

Rain threatened all day Tuesday. Despite handbills calling for "WORKINGMEN ARM YOURSELVES AND APPEAR IN FULL FORCE", only 1,200 workers, their wives and children appeared at 8:30.

August Spies was the first speaker. He denounced McCormick as the one "responsible for the murder of our brothers". The crowd responded with cries of "Hang him!"

Albert R. Parsons, another revolutionary journalist, spoke after Spies. Parsons shouted to the crowd, "It behooves you, as you love your wife and children, if you don't want to see them perish with hunger, killed or cut down like dogs in the streets, Americans, in the interest of your liberty and your independence, to arm, to arm yourselves."

Parsons was followed by veteran organizer Samuel Fielden, who spoke despite the rain which had driven 900 people away from Haymarket Square. One spectator who left because of the rain was Chicago Mayor Carter E. Harrison.

At 10:20 p.m., in the middle of Fielden's speech, 180 Chicago cops led by Inspector Bonfield and Captain Ward moved towards the square and ordered the crowd of 300 to disperse.

"We are peaceable," said Fielden, then turned with Parsons and Spies and began climbing down off the wagon that was being used as a speaker's platform.

Suddenly, out of the dark shadows of an alley, someone threw a dynamite bomb. It exploded in the front rank of cops, instantly killing Patrolman Degan and wounding 70 others. Six later died.

The pigs opened fire on the crowd, killing one spectator and injuring at least 60, as they fled for safety.

The pigs, with the help of Pinkerton agents (the FBI of that day), arrested all known anarchists within a few days, but Parsons could not be found.

On Wednesday, May 5, a coroner's jury found that Patrolman Mathias J. Degan "had come to his death from a bomb thrown by a person or persons unknown, but acting in conspiracy with August Spies, Albert Parsons, Samuel Fielden and others unknown."

The grand jury quickly returned conspiracy to murder indictments against Spies, Parsons, Fielden, Michael Schwab, Adolph Fisher, George Engel, Oscar Neebe, Louis Lingg, Rudolph Schnaubelt and William Seliger. Only Parsons, the "Alabama agitator", was an American citizen.

Parsons wandered into court with defense lawyer William P. Black, a liberal corporation counsel, on the day the trial began. Schnaubelt remained underground throughout the trial and Seliger turned state's witness. So, when the conspiracy trial began, there were eight defendants.

Public prejudice against the eight was so great that 757 prospective jurors were discharged before a jury was seated. Judge Joseph Easton Gary of Cook County Criminal Court, with 23 years on the bench, was regarded as the least objectionable (to the Establishment) judge around. During the trial, Gary chatted with several ladies that joined him on the bench.

The trial was over before it began. Even with Mayor Harrison testifying to the peaceful, unarmed nature of the meeting and his instructions to Inspector Bonfield not to move against the crowd, the defense didn't have a chance. The Chicago Tribune led the public outcry for a speedy hanging of the murderers and that was that.

A defense witness testified that he had heard Bonfield say shortly before the pigs moved against the people. "I would like to get three thousand of them in a crowd without their women and children and I will make short work of them."

The trial had begun June 19, just six weeks after the bombing. On August 20, the jury found all defen-

dants guilty of conspiracy to commit murder and sentenced all but Oscar Neebe to hang. Neebe was sentenced to 15 years, which was very strange since the only evidence introduced against Neebe was a copy of a leaflet calling for revenge, some guns and a red flag he had in his home.

Judge Gary denied a motion for a new trial and asked the defendants if they had any reasons why sentence should not be pronounced. The answers of four of the Haymarket 8 will live as long as criminal courts are used to repress political dissent and militant action for change.

## ALBERT PARSONS

You ask me why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon me, or what is tantamount to the same thing, you ask me why you should give me a new trial in order that I might establish my innocence and the ends of justice be subserved. I answer you and say that this verdict is the verdict of passion, born in passion, nurtured in passion, and is the sum total of the organized passion of the city of Chicago. For this reason I ask your suspension of the sentence, and a new trial. This is one among the many reasons which I hope to present before I conclude. Now, what is passion? Passion is the suspension of reason; in a mob upon the streets, in the broils of the saloon, in the quarrel on the sidewalk, where men throw aside their reason and resort to feelings of exasperation, we have passion. There is a suspension of the elements of judgement, of calmness, of discrimination requisite to arrive at the truth and the establishment of justice. I hold that you cannot dispute the charge which I make, that this trial has been submerged, immersed in passion from its inception to its close, and even to this hour, standing here upon the scaffold as I do, with the hangman awaiting me with his halter, there are those who claim to represent public sentiment in this city—and I now speak of the capitalistic press, that vile and infamous organ of monopoly, of hired liars, the people's oppressor—even to this day these papers, standing where I do, with my seven condemned colleagues, are clamoring for our blood in the heat and violence of passion. Who can deny this? Certainly not this Court. The court is fully aware of these facts.

## OSCAR NEEBE

They found a revolver in my house, and a red flag there. I organized trades unions. I was for reduction of the hours of labor, and the education of laboring men, and the re-establishment of the Arbeiter-Zeitung—the workingmen's newspaper. There is no evidence to show that I was connected with the bomb-throwing, or that I was near it, or anything of that kind. So I am only sorry, your Honor—that is, if you can stop it or help it, I will ask you to do it—that is to hang me, too; for I think it is more honorable to die suddenly than to be killed by inches. I have a family and children; and if they know their father is dead, they will bury him. They can go to the grave, and kneel down by the side of it; but they can't go to the

CONT'D ON PAGE 6 →



## CONSPIRACY 1968

---cont'd from page 4

A. The issuance of bench warrants for four attorneys who sent telegrams just before opening day advising the court that they were dropping out of the case because their pre-trial work had been completed.

B. Two hundred lawyers storming the Federal Building to protest the arrest of attorneys Gerald Lefcourt and Michael Kennedy.

C. The prosecution "with the tacit approval of Hoffman-Magoo" trying to use the captivity as a wedge to get Bobby Seale to cede his claim that ailing ace attorney Charles Garry, who was instrumental in freeing the Oakland Seven from similar charges, is his only representative before the court.

D. Chicago lawyer Irving Birnbaum being forced to come to court every day, even though his entire pre-trial role was satisfying a statutory requirement for local counsel. (If this list has tired you out, think how the defendants feel.)

Hoffman-Magoo jumped on to one pan of the scales of justice during the ouster of a modish young juror that everyone had elected "most likely to sympathize with the defense." Not bothering to check as to whether or not she had ever seen the correspondents, he read Kristi King the contents of a note mailed to her house by person or persons unknown. After hearing the words, "You are being watched. The Black Panthers," she said that she could no longer be fair and impartial. It was only then that Hoffman-Magoo bothered to ask if she had previously read the note. The answer was "No," but it was too late for the defense to do anything but talk to itself. Hoffman-Magoo's subsequent order to protect them from intimidation must be balanced with the knowledge that juries tend to blame "the people who got us into this" (e.g., the accused).

Several remarks have shown Hoffman-Magoo to be not entirely free of racist tendencies despite his having ruled favorably on a landmark desegregation suit last year. During the jury selection, a black man said that he would not be able to be unbiased because his wife had worked for prosecutor Tom Foran. Hoffman-Magoo's immediate response was to ask, "In domestic service?" The man replied that his wife had worked in the corporation counsel's office for five years. Ever vigilant, a squad of Yippies immediately began to fashion an Afro wig for the bald judge.

Hoffman-Magoo has repeatedly said that he has no authority to alter seating arrangements or to admit offbeat material which the defense sees as vital to its presentation. Refusing to allow any mention of the issues — the war, black liberation, youth culture — that brought people to Chicago last year, he insists that the case be tried in accord with the phrasing of the indictment. In other words, Hoffman-Magoo seized his role as nothing more (or less) than the administrator of an Act. His version of fairness is to hold proceedings to the exact letter of the law, even though each letter combines with other to spell S-T-A-R-C-H-A-M-B-E-R. Hoffman-Magoo's conduct makes him a classic political judge; by allowing nothing relevant to the real issues he insures that the trial will be decided totally on the terms of the system with no regard to the world-view of the dissenters. He has done everything in his power (often by not choosing to exercise power) to insure that there will be no discussion of the possibility that the real conspirators in August of 1968 were the federal and city officials who denied permits and called out the police.

**Julius Hoffman, refugee from anti-semitic oppression, is ironically the good German of the trial.**

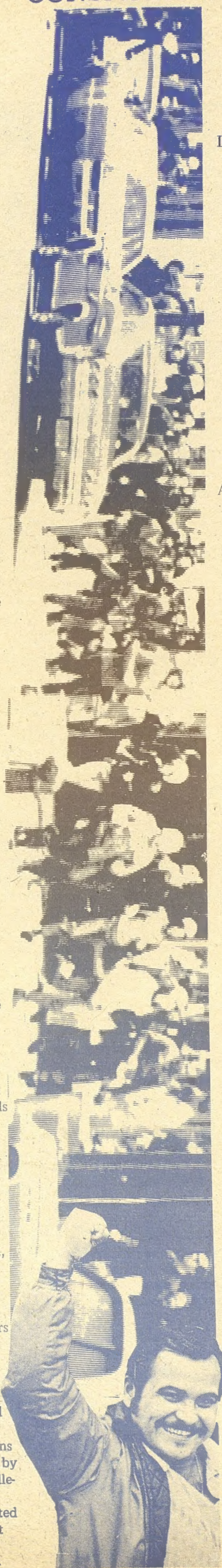
Hoffman-Magoo is but one part of a media show that would radicalize every young person in America if the trial was televised. The contrast between the modern courtroom and the relentless landslide of picayune points of law, between the mojo-mutant hair and clothing of some of the defendants and the Great Mid-Western Hardware Store appearance of the jury (the girl that replace Miss King, while a year younger at 22, looks like a Billy Graham camp follower), and between the hip slang of the Eight and the robot-talk of the witnesses for the prosecution say more about the case than does the continuous flow of motions and objections. The courtroom is completely polarized, with Bill Kunstler's urbanity and Len Weinglass' demi-freak look standing in sharp opposition to the chunky, chipmunky appearance of prosecutor Tom Foran and the wounded mask that assistant prosecutor Dick Schultz is fond of wearing. The rift runs down the center aisle of the courtroom — the longhair press, the defense staff, the defendants and their families on one side, the courtroom regulars, the prosecution, and — alas — the jury on the other.

None of the prosecution witnesses has said anything startling to those familiar with the events of convention '68. City officials Ray Simon, Richard Elrod (paralyzed while playing policeman during the Weatherman attack on the downtown area) and David Stahl testified as to their pre-convention dealings with demonstration leaders, each iterating that the Chicago Park District's curfew law was more important than dealing with the thousands of concerned americans who come to Chicago last year. Three undercover agents — including one policewoman who looks just like a middle guard — that I once knew, swore to having overheard various plots that are to never happen or were to silly to mean anything (It was conclusively proved that Jerry Rubin walked from the headquarters of National Mobe to a nearby restaurant no less than 4 times in one day). And "Super Pig," Bob Pierson, the last major witness, told the tale about how he masqueraded as a biker named Bob Lavin to become Rubin's bodyguard and heard sundry statements about "killing pigs" and "tearing up Chicago." On cross-examination it became clear that nobody else was ever around when Rubin confessed all his plans and dreams to "Big Bob." Today (October 3rd) the jury will watch two edited films — over the objection of the defense. Lunchtime reviews say that they are "dull and unconvincing," but that the popcorn was good.

The scene outside the courtroom has been far more kinetic than within the chambers three people (all straight) arrested trying to enter the building with firearms; demonstrations by the Illinois branch of the Black Panther Party, the Yippies, and both branches of SDS; clashes between construction workers and blacks over the latter's right to jobs in various building trades; dynamite in the nearby Civic Center and in it's plaza; and 250 Weathermen busted in four days of street fighting that will no doubt result in a bigger and better conspiracy indictment. The Panthers, aware that the governments case is flimsiest against Bobby Seale (whose total involvement was giving two speeches that mentioned guns in terms of self-defense and did not result in any immediate illegal action) and by killings and raids, have charged white radicals (both freaks and SDSers) with being "muddle-headed anarchists" and made statements playing down the role of weapons.

In the wake of Weatherman, three of the four daleys have almost completely accepted last year's demonstrations as dissent rather than "wanton mayhem." They ought to tell it to the judge.

## CONSPIRACY 1886 ---cont'd from page 4



penitentiary and see their father, who was convicted for a crime that he hasn't had anything to do with. That is all I have got to say. You honor, I am sorry I am not to be hung with the rest of the men.

LOUIS LINGG

I tell you frankly and openly, I am for force. I have already told Captain Schaack, "If they use cannon against us, we shall use dynamite against them." I repeat that I am the enemy of the "order" of today, and I repeat that, with all my powers so long as breath remains in me, I shall combat it. I declare again, frankly and openly, that I am in favor of using force. You laugh! Perhaps you think, "You'll throw no more bombs," but let me assure you that I die happy on the gallows, so confident am I that the hundreds and thousands to whom I have spoken will remember my words; and when you shall have hanged us, then, mark my words, they will do the bomb-throwing! In this hope do I say to you! "I despise you. I despise your order, your laws, your force-propped authority." Hang me for it!

AUGUST SPIES

If you think that by hanging us you can stamp out the labor movement—the movement from which the downtrodden millions, the millions who toil and live in want and misery—the wage slaves—expect salvation—if this is your opinion, then hang us! Here you will tread upon a spark, but there, and there, and behind you and in front of you, and everywhere, flames will blaze up. It is a subterranean fire. You cannot put it out. The ground is on fire upon which you stand. You can't understand it. You don't believe in magical arts, as your grandfathers did, who burned witches at the stake, but you do believe in conspiracies; you believe that all these occurrences of late are the work of conspirators! You resemble the child that is looking for his picture behind the mirror. What you see and what you try to grasp is nothing but the deceptive reflex of the stings of your bad conscience. You want to "stamp out the conspirators"—the agitators? Ah! stamp out every factory lord who has grown wealthy upon the unpaid labor of his employees. Stamp out every landlord who has amassed fortunes from the rent of over-burdened workmen and farmers. Stamp out every machine that is revolutionizing industry and agriculture, that intensifies the production, ruins the producer, that increases the national wealth, while the creator of all these things stands amidst them, tantalized with hunger! Stamp out the railroads, the telegraph, the telephone, steam and yourselves—for everything breathes the revolutionary spirit. You, gentlemen, are the revolutionists. You rebel against the effects of social conditions which have tossed you, by the fair hand of fortune, into a magnificent paradise. Without inquiring, you imagine that no one else has a right in that place. You insist that you are the chosen ones, the sole proprietors. The forces that tossed you into the paradise, the industrial forces, are still at work. They are growing more active and intense from day to day. Their tendency is to elevate all mankind to the same level, to have all humanity share in the paradise you now monopolize. You, in your blindness, think you can stop the tidal wave of civilization and human emancipation by placing a few policemen, a few Gatling guns, and some regiments of militia on the shore—you think you can frighten the rising waves back into the unfathomable depths whence they have arisen, by erecting a few gallows in the perspective. You, who oppose the natural course of things, you are the real revolutionists. You and you alone are the conspirators and destructionists! Call your hangman! Truth crucified in Socrates, in Christ, in Giordano Bruno, in Huss, in Galileo, still lives—they and others whose number is legion have preceded us on this path. We are ready to follow.

Steve Haines

AGE



# CADRE: ONE LONG SENTENCE.

Well, they're out, Jeremy, Dennis and Dan; Jeremy and Dennis being prime sources of energy for CADRE when it first began in the spring of '67, after they had both burned their draft cards in the first public collective display of resistance at the Sheeps' Meadow in New York at that massive mobilization of over 100,000 people; Dan Fallon, who, at the first CADRE gathering I remember seeing him, as each person identified himself/herself, giving the initials of the various organizations they had affiliated with, said in his rather innocent, naive, brash and beautiful manner, "CTA", who, after giving the CTA enough trouble by scraping their buses against cars decided to see what he could do about the kids in Vietnam, in the same innocent, naive, brash and beautiful way, volunteered for induction into the army so he could have the honor of refusing to be inducted; Jeremy Mott, who, having been classified as a conscientious objector, and having done 9 months civilian alternative service, decided it was still too much cooperation (or collaboration, as Joffe would have it) with the military, had been sentenced to 4 years by that house nigger James Parsons in February of 1968 and done 14 months in a number of prisons including Marion, Lewisburg, and Ashland, was released on probation in May; Dennis Riordin, who, having been the first CADRE guy to go to court, testifying before Judge Hoffman alias Mr. Magoo about having gone to military school, having been in and out of college, having driven food to Mississippi in 1964 and having had his truck shot at, having become a picture personality in the Chicago papers, caption usually being "Dennis Riordin burns another draft card," had personally mailed the envelopes containing the over 125 draft cards of resisters obtained in the first and second turn-ins on Oct 16th and Dec 4th, 1967 to the Attorney General in Washington, who had received a three year sentence and spent 20 months in prison in Springfield, Mo., soon to be joined by Dan, Dave, Gunnar, Ed, Kevin, Doug, Cecil, and others; Dan, who had married a couple of months before his trial and to his delight discovered he was soon to be a father a couple of weeks before his trial, whose wife Mary gave birth to Jamie while Dan was in Springfield on the same day he had some warts removed, and who waited, visiting Dan and bringing the baby whenever she could, while Dan did 19 months on a 5-year sentence from Judge Parsons which after a scolding from the appeals court for being unduly harsh he reduced to 4 years, having previously justified 5 years by nearly screaming he's going to stop this juvenile movement, Dan, who

on the cover, sitting in Alice's Restaurant for the first time two weeks ago and meeting after 19 months people at the beginning of his trial pranced brashly into the courtroom and sat down taking out of his brief case and reading the issue of Ramparts with the burning draft cards who had also been with CADRE that initial summer when they had declared they were going to stop the functioning of Selective Service in Chicago by the fall, Dan with Fred Wallace, who after turning in his draft cards Oct 16, 1967, was not rehired as an instructor in German at the Circle Campus (Campus Circus as he called it) and who became a very vital element in the CADRE print shop, having probably printed many of the leaflets movement people had passed out in Chicago for over a year, Fred who flew back to Fresno, Cal. where he went on trial Sept 25th to be found guilty Sept 26th for refusing induction into the armed services, Dan with Diana Anderson, who worked so diligently with Dan Stern to set up and stabilize CADRE's financial existence and who stayed around and played a central role in the not so public workings of resistance and later the Blue Gargoyle, Dan with Bob Freeston, who, having turned in his cards Oct 16th also and having been tried in Nov 1968 in Judge Austin's courtroom and sentenced to 3 years after a trial which lasted 4 days and had been out on appeal bond which will probably end in November, had been instrumental in bringing the Flippies to Chicago after the convention of last year and establishing as their phone number the CIA office here, and who is known too well by anybody who has done anything with the movement in Chicago for me to describe, and who nervously and anxiously pressed Dan about the potentialities for organizing other men in Springfield, Dan with Diane Phail, who after spending time counseling, printing and speaking for CADRE became involved with G.I.'s and helped the organizers of Vietnam GI before becoming one of the prime movers and mainstays behind Alice's Restaurant, who was rather worried about Dennis who had been sentenced to a shorter term and months before Dan, but had not yet received parole, only to learn a few days later that parole had been granted, Dan with myself, who after having turned in his cards in Dec of 1967 didn't have the opportunity to refuse induction until June 1969 and was met two days later by a knock at the door and a Joe-College FeeBee (FBI) asking: are you Jeff Falk of CADRE?; there he was and there we were and now all three of them are out and some more are soon to be in while Gunnar Knutsen, Dave Keubrich,

Doug Roemer, Kevin McMillan, Ed Marr, and others still wait in Springfield Mo., Ed after having done 30 days in solitary because he thought after having been outside for a while the day was too nice to return back to work, having remained in solitary 30 days on his own choice (!) being able to leave whenever he decided to go back to work, having reread the Bible and composed a song called the Springfield Blues, while Fred Aviles waits in Marion, and Steve Schmidt waits in Sandstone, Minn., and Don Tyike in Sweden, while the report from California is that 20 men refuse induction at Oakland every week with perhaps 200 men a week not showing up at both Oakland and Los Angeles, where one day in Oakland 275 men were called, 120 showed up, and 35 refused, and where over 400 men are under indictment and a resister Steve Kessler hung a jury while defending himself without a lawyer, while Minnesota reports 5-10 refusals a week and SS admits over 25,000 delinquents throughout the country, and we think there are 3-5 refusals a week in Chicago, and the number of prosecutions for SS violations increased 100% in fiscal 1969 and while the report from Boston is that they expect over 100 indictments soon, most of the guys having already split for Canada, and while there's reason to believe the suspensions in inductions for November and December stem from an attempt to give SS a reprieve cause they're so fouled up now, and while all this is going on with little publicity and draft resistance is a thing of the past only for people over 26 and the prediction that a prison term for resistance is only a short interlude for people who intend to spend much of their life working to build and create and liberate but who had observed that liberation begins at home, at that very point of existence which is you, that prediction will finally be tested and in the meantime my head is spinning with the thought Dan had told Renee how really fine it is to come out and see people still together and seeing what you had helped to start was capable of growing and changing even though the location of the start was capable of growing and changing even though the location of the old CADRE office is now a gas station and North Ave. has really changed in two years and its also spinning cause I have never written this way before but think its about time that Resistance surfaced again and people get the word on what's happening so that new people and old when hit with the arguments about jail, for the draft or conspiracy or otherwise will know that Jeremy and Dennis and Dan have come out!

Jeff Falk - CADRE

ARMAND





# MORNING AFTER

October 8-11 were the SDS-proclaimed Days of Rage. Revolutionary Youth Movement II held non-violent demonstrations at the International Harvester Plant, Cook County Hospital, Cook County Jail and the Federal Building (in support of the Conspiracy), and concluded its action with a march from the Latin-sponsored People's Park to Humboldt Park deeper within the barrio. Many workers at Harvester, activated by the announced closing of the plant, walked out during the RYM II demonstration. On the other hand, the hospital action did little more than alienate some potentially-sympathetic doctors without attracting worker support.

The Panthers joined RYM II at the Federal Building and the jail, while the Young Lords led the parade. It is interesting to note that most of the 3000 marchers were street people rather than workers.

Weatherman came to Chicago "to tear up pig city." Most of the announced events — the wargasm, jailbreak, the destruction of the main induction center—failed to materialize. Forty-one Weather-people were captured in a surprise raid on their Evanston sanctuary; 290 people went to jail on \$1,000,000 bond, many of them injured and without the ability to treat each other. The rank and file allowed the leadership to be captured at the Federal building and the dynamited remnants of the Haymarket statue.

Despite these factors, there is no doubt that the Weatherman action has, for better or worse, added another dimension to the Movement. Attacks on the Gold Coast and the Loop shopping area—rich neighborhoods—resulted in widespread property damage. People gave as good as they got in encounters with the police. Fifty police were hospitalized, one city attorney was paralyzed.

The intensity of the Weatherman action, both in what was done and in the disregard for personal security or post-action legal and medical preparations, motivated several radicals to come together for a morning-after rap. Present were Eliot, Al and Gary of the Chicago Seed; Armand of the Seed Lynn of Chicago Newsreel; Dave of New York Newsreel; Steve, Stu and Gumbo of the Berkeley Tribe; Abe of the Rat; and Bob who while not under collective discipline, considers himself and is generally considered by others to be a Weatherman.

The following is an edited transcription.

Abe Peck

(laughter as Stu introduces himself as being from the Berkeley Barb)

Abe: Was anyone busted at the RYM II march?

Armand: No. Apparently, RYM II brought in about 2,000 people from out of state. I know on the march yesterday that there were thousands of faces that I've never seen before.

Abe: Was the march basically Puerto Rican?

Armand: No. It was led off by 20 Young Lords, a small contingent of Latin Kings, and a couple of Black Panthers. Then there were three blocks of solid long-haired college kids.

It looked predominantly Puerto Rican from where the reporters were, which is why the papers said that it was mainly a Latin march...After the first two ranks, it was all white...a few blacks.

Eliot: Was there any kind of police action at any of the RYM II things?

Armand: The RYM II thing yesterday started out real tight. A whole bunch of squads of fuzz came up, two or three phlanxes came up along Armitage Avenue. People moved out of the park and the commander, I think it was Lynskey, was riding in the car at the head of the march and tellin' people every minute, "What your doing is illegal. You are subject to arrest." He kept threatening that.

We overheard Lynskey saying, "we'll cut 'em off at Elston Avenue," which is like a mile or two ahead of the march. But they didn't do that. What they did was form up a line of cops—about 12 cops—leading the march and have a line of about 200 cops flanking the march, walking right along the center line, keeping the march in one lane of the street.

Abe: Do we consider any of the RYM II actions to have any significance at all?

Armand: Protest marches. Traditional Movement stuff.

Al: Why did everybody walk out of Harvester?

Bob: Harvester was set for a strike. The workers were up for walking out.

Lynn: They walked because of RYM II.

Abe: That's far out.

I heard that they were terrible at the hospital, that all they did was call the doctors names.

Bob: It was the long-haired interns that came.

Armand: The whole attitude that I got at the RYM II actions that I was at was that they were thoroughly intimidated by what was going on on the other side of town.

Abe: Who is the closest person here ideologically to Weatherman.

Armand: Bob.

Abe: Do you want to give an analysis of what you think happened?

Bob: I think basically what happened was that a white army ran through the streets of Chicago. That's never happened before. It didn't happen last year. These people were an army. They were a very small army, one or two hundred people, but what was so impressive about yesterday more than Wednesday night—was a total pig-to-pig kind of thing. I've never seen so many pigs in my life. It was incredible. But they still didn't let them determine the boundaries and set the lines.

The march was very heavy, very militant. By the time they got toward the Loop...it seemed like it took about five minutes to march the distance from the Haymarket to the Loop. At LaSalle and Madison—it was just very sudden. They broke right through this police line and, ah, windows were smashed.

People were stopped. They got probably down to the end of the block. It scattered, I mean...but even with all the confusion it became apparent that it was heavier than Wednesday night.

Abe: What happened at Haymarket when the Red Squad nabbed Rudd?

Bob: Rudd was kind of in disguise. Jeff Jones came up to me and said "Hi. I just got back from the RYM II march. It was like Woodstock." Then, two minutes later I'm standing on the corner and he starts running toward me and I turn around and there's all this motion and people are vamping on Rudd. Pigs. They took two girls.

Armand: One girl from Detroit.

Steve, why don't you run down tactically your impressions.

Steve: Most of what I can say reinforces what Bob has said. The four of us got to Haymarket about an hour before the march actually started. At that time it would appear that most of the people were just onlookers. There were a couple hundred cops standing around, obviously up to keeping order. More and more people began drifting in, groups of three, four, five, up to twelve or fifteen. The groups that were obviously Weathermen had their technical equipment in shopping bags, they moved like groups of shoppers. They were dressed almost straight. I remember seeing the Motor City group right down in front of the statue...all of a sudden within five or ten seconds they had their denim jackets with the Viet Cong flags and "Motor City SDS" on the back out and their helmets on and they were ready to go. They just kind of materialized out of the background. More and more of the small groups began to materialize that way. I would say that around the base of the statue there were 200 to 250 people.

Then there was the action where the group that turned out to be the Red Squad moved up alongside. They looked like the white construction workers that we'd seen a couple of weeks ago. I thought that they were self-appointed vigilantes. Then somebody saw Grubisec [Sgt., Red Squad...ed.] and pointed him out, and they grabbed Rudd and Jones and Linda Evans and this other chick, dragged them across the street, and then stayed back.

Abe: Was there any resistance to that?

Bob: Yes.

Eliot: It seemed to me that what happened was that it was pre-planned by the police to work the way it did. They lined up along one edge of the crowd, which at this time was still cameramen rather than Weathermen, and suddenly the clubs came out and they waded in swinging. There was no question of resistance against that kind of clubbing.

They went right for the people they wanted, quickly formed a cordon around the people they were taking away...

Steve: Even Elrod [the Corporation Counsel paralyzed in the Loop—ed.] was there. There's a beautiful picture of him in the Sun-Times getting a hammerlock on some guy. He was acting like a cop.

Abe: Under what pretext did they take those four?

Eliot: Elrod spoke to some newsmen afterward and said, "We recognized four members of the SDS Weatherman faction and we had to hit people who were interfering with the arrest."

Abe: But under what pretext?

Eliot: Wednesday night.

Lynn: Rudd was in an action in Milwaukee, and there's been a warrant out for him since. It's real strange that he came out.

Armand: But Rudd's not the point. Weathermen were and are fair game for the cops at any time. They can get warrants out on just about anybody they know is a Weatherman.

Abe: Weatherman was gearing for this. This was a national action, a rush to judgement, and I don't think people that much into their thing would be stopped by

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a warrant...especially a guy like Rudd who is defined as a leader.

**Steve:** It was quite obvious that spirit was building even after the bust. When Weatherman went it was at something like a dog-trot...The arm-linking started almost as soon as they hit the bridge. There were solid ranks, very, very precise.

**Bob:** This was the bridge at Michigan and Randolph. It was the first heavy thing that happened. People were chanting in the tunnel, all of these voices echoing "Ho Chi Minh." The effect was fantastic, it was magnetic, so much so that people stop ped chanting and just yelled.

**Abe:** People used to smoke hashish and do that.

**Steve:** It was really out of sight. So far they were on their permitted route. They hit LaSalle, turned down LaSalle, and went into Randolph. The next block is Washington. By the time you got to the intersection of Washington, you KNEW they were going to break out of that march route, but you didn't know which direction, and you didn't know which intersection.

I crossed Madison maybe fifteen feet ahead of the first rank, which was from the Motor City. And then it was just like an explosion. The screams and shouts and the clubs came out and the pipes and the bricks. Everything around me seemed to shatter. It was very much like an explosion. I ducked and turned around and saw individual small groups going after individual cops, or after set targets.

I saw the main body move down Madison, and split off to the right or to the left. I ducked into a doorway.

**Armand:** Why don't we decide first off if anybody here thinks seriously that that was a victory. In any tactical sense or any propaganda sense.

**Bob:** It was a tremendous loss, but it was a victory because we've been talking for years about armed struggle in a context that has always been completely abstract. Nobody ever knew what it meant. It still isn't what we mean—we're still talking about clubs and chains against guns—but the thing is that much less abstract.

**Armand:** But doesn't this teach us that if 500 people come and say they're gonna tear up the town that 300 will get arrested, and that the sentences will be one-to-five?

**Bob:** They've accepted all that.

**Enter Jerry Rubin:** Can someone tell me how badly the Weathermen were injured?

**Lynn:** I got busted Wednesday night. As far as I could tell—I got busted with thirteen other people—most of the people were beaten up pretty badly. Bodies were just mangled, people were bleeding out of their mouths and their noses and their heads. Clearly it was not an action by the police to subdue them and arrest them; it was vengeance.

**Jerry:** And they were taken to jail, not to the hospital?

**Lynn:** Right.

I was the only one in the paddy wagon with any kind of medical training. I had a minor kit, barely basic.

**Stu:** What were most people charged with?

**Lynn:** I was charged with mob action, disorderly conduct and resisting.

They charged me with misdemeanors, but a lot of people got charged with felonious mob action and aggravated battery.

**Armand:** The cops were under very strict orders to be cool. The beating up—this is what I got in a conversation with Elrod—they had pretty much of an idea that there would be people doing stuff and that you wouldn't

have to make charges up. We rapped to cops on Rush Street Wednesday night. There was no trouble at all.

**Eliot:** I know that on Madison Street that after the Weatherman's momentum carried them past the police the police grabbed anybody they could get on the basis of being on that street.

**Lynn:** I had the same experience Wednesday.

**Armand:** The Weatherman policy is to try to get away. As soon as somebody tried to get away, they kicked the shit out of him.

**Abe:** Do you think the cops were catering to a victim mentality? The way that the media played it was that, given the immediate situation of radicals committing "senseless violence" and not giving ideological reasons for that violence, the cops came off as stemming the tide.

I'd like to talk more about the politics rather than swap atrocity stories. The Weathermen are kind of a collective ego, right? They don't make individual decisions about their lifestyle or their politics and the way they face reality. Given that, do you think the Weatherman sees itself as a vanguard leading the white Movement to a higher level of struggle or does it see itself as how the Movement should be? In other words, if there's a peace rally, does Weatherman go to that rally and fight with the cops or does it stay away and then say that that rally has to move toward Weatherman politics?

**Bob:** Their basic approach is not to be part of the Movement. They consider the Movement as kind of a mass base for revisionism...white skin privilege, which is much harder to break down than racism. I don't think that they see themselves as a self-conscious vanguard.

**Abe:** How come you say "they" instead of "we"?

**Bob:** Because I'm not under Weatherman collective discipline.

**Abe:** Are there any Weathermen left who weren't busted?

**Bob:** A lot.

**Eliot:** It's one thing if Weatherman intends to put on demonstrations, exemplary demonstrations, this is what we do and this is how it should be done. It's another thing if they go to Washington in November and turn it into violence.

**Bob:** I think they see themselves as the spark.

**Abe:** Do they see themselves as tinder being consumed?

**Everyone:** They must.

**Armand:** None of them expect to live the next year. There's a very heavy thing that they go through. You have no right to think, this is Weatherman, that your life is worth any more than black and brown people. You're bullshit if you think you're more sensitive and intelligent and that you have a right for that bourgeois self-preservation. You've got to be as willing to die as they are, and they have this mental picture of Cong charging into machine guns by the masses.

**Bob:** That part is not true. Nobody talks about charging into machine guns. The first part is very accurate... They criticize themselves very strongly about this. They approached it from a wrong level, a lot of it was machismo, male chauvinism, but it is still very, very important to push that kind of thing out...A lot of us have this idea, even if we're not conscious of it, that our lives now are more creative or something than the average life of a Vietnamese or a black person.

**Armand:** What that's saying is that black people have that attitude, that "my life isn't worth anything."

**Bob:** That's a honkie statement! That's not true at all!...In Vietnam you don't organize people around revolution, you organize them around survival. It still holds up in a different way in the black ghettos.

**Armand:** You can't organize whites around dying.

**Gumbo:** The thing about Vietnamese and blacks and Puerto Ricans is that they are defensively fighting against an aggressor—The Weatherman action was an offensive action against imperialism.

**Bob:** I think that we have to consider that things have become much sharper in the country in the last few months. It's very clear, even if it isn't clear all the time, that we are behind enemy lines.

Right after the march yesterday, when we were trying to get away just by walking away...there was nothing abstract about it...it was like being in Nazi Germany.

**Abe:** Do you think that Weatherman politics will make Germany happen faster?

**Bob:** That's the old argument that the Left creates the Right.

**Abe:** I asked you that question for a reason. Stu, why don't you say that analogy that you told us last night.

**Stu:** See, I think that there are two levels on which to criticize the Weatherman. You can criticize them on a moral level and on a tactical level. You can draw an analogy on a moral level. What if you picked up a history book and read that in 1938 a thousand University of Berlin students ran through the streets on behalf of the Jews in the concentration camps breaking car windows, knocking over fat old German ladies, and beating up members of the Gestapo? You saw pictures in the paper of the head of the Gestapo bleeding and a big fat old German lady on his back. You see, these guys, no matter what came out of their actions in a tactical sense—they might have even speeded up repression, Nixon may have become even more paranoid, you might have speeded up the flow of Jews into the concentration camps and some of the Jews might have hated "The Vethermen"—but they would still be moral heroes of the 20th century. The Pope would bless them, Mao would write an essay on them, Nehru probably would have liked them, trees would be planted in Israel for them, even Nixon might dig them. On a moral level, they're perfect...

Then there's the tactical level. Maybe those thousand Germans should have gone into factories. Maybe they would have helped their cause more.

**Jerry:** That's RYM II.

**Stu:** I'm saying maybe. Maybe they should have formed hip ghettos in Berlin. But you can't answer criticism of the Weathermen by saying "that's honkie talk, that's honkie bullshit." The Weathermen have formulated politics, and they've developed tactics around their politics. What they've done has to be judged in terms of success or failure. Because black people are suffering doesn't mean that everyone has to suffer, and I'm not organizing a Movement around suffering.

If you're talking about breaking through to the white working class, about cultural revolution, about overthrowing the Movement as it's been constituted and replacing it, then the Weathermen will be judged in the next year in terms of its success in doing this.

Again, on a moral level the Weathermen are perfect but the Weathermen think that anything on the moral level is "sissy talk."

**Armand:** In the Weatherman essay, they say, "What we have to do is create two, three, many John Browns."

**Bob:** But not the Jews. The Jews didn't fight back. The Vietnamese, by fighting back, opened up the possibility that one could win. This was different than the white, pacifist Movement in the early sixties.

**Stu:** I was in PL at that time. PL fought cops in the street and believed that the state would be overthrown.

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CONT. FROM PAGE 9 • MORNIN' AFTER

**Bob:** It's not just a matter of fighting.

**Abe:** Do you think that Weatherman projects that it's not just a matter of fighting? Are kids across the country who've never seen *New Left Notes* going to say, "this means bring the war home and abolish white skin privilege," or will they say "this means breaking windows"?

**Lynn:** I think that that's kind of a major problem. I think that our priority should be education, because many people don't understand what's happening with an action like Weatherman and have no way to understand it.

**Bob:** Sure there are problems. But I spoke to a kid wearing a conspiracy button who knew that it was the Gold Coast. He dug the politics of that action. He might not have been able to lay it out in Marxist-Leninist terms, but he was hip to what was happening and so were the people who lived there...

**Lynn:** But that was a kid wearing a conspiracy button...

**Abe:** The waitress in Hyde Park liked the Conspiracy but not the Weathermen...

**Gumbo:** And the black cab driver liked the Weathermen.

**Abe:** But I'll give you another guy. I'll give you a construction worker who doesn't like either one.

**Armand:** Two lessons come out of what happened in Chicago. One is that a bunch of white kids, mostly middle class, mostly college educated, went and fucked up a lot of rich people for no discernible purpose. You can dig the class politics of that. The other thing that happened is that 300 of them got busted, bonds are in six figures, one-to-five will probably end up being a light sentence. They have really no defense, and any of them who do not manage to go underground will spend a long time in jail.

What that teaches you basically, I think, is that there's a bunch of white kids and you can't figure out why they're fucking up rich people except that they're radicals, whatever that means, and they're getting the shit kicked out of them for doing that.

It seems to me that if it does anything it reinforces people's idea that you can't beat City Hall.

**Gary:** There is some justification for what Weathermen did on the Gold Coast. I talked to someone who lives there who is a liberal who liked the Movement because it was camp. She doesn't like the Movement any more because it throws stones at her. I think that there is a good reason for defining those people as enemies. In that sense, I think that the Weatherman action was good.

**Abe:** If that's necessary, why do it now?

**Armand:** It's stupid. You tell the people you're trying to work with that someone else is a pig. You don't tell the pig.

**Steve:** Weatherman had a news conference Thursday night at the Sheraton-Chicago. Eighty straight reporters, me, and Marshall from the Seed. No effort to contact our papers. One of the women announced that the revolution had begun, and the other, the girl from Seattle who'd been shot twice, said that it was the first time in the history of the white radical movement that people had been shot.

**Stu:** 150 people were shot in Berkeley in one day.

**Steve:** They then refused to answer any questions, and ended with a statement that "all of you establishment press people are pigs."

It was politically the biggest disaster I've ever seen in connection with the press. Somehow the action has to be communicated. The two underground press people found out about the conference by accident and the eighty other press people didn't leave with much love for SDS in their hearts.

**Abe:** That doesn't show a deft touch with the media, but I guess that Weatherman feels that it is beyond that stage.

The press is almost the same as the lady Gary mentioned. I don't think that our thing is to make enemies. If these people are pigs, why can't they be shown how doing what they do makes them into the thing we call "pig." Are those smiling people with Veels evil?

**Eliot:** There are several new polarizations brought about by this kind of action. It drains off liberal support, and it shifts the scenario from social revolution to economic class revolution. Also, there's a polarization in the Movement.

**Abe:** Weatherman's much more a model of traditional politics than of post-scarcity stuff.

**Dave:** It's a question of time-table...a question of whether the mass of white working class people is squeezed enough to see an exemplary action and really be elevated by it. It's also a question of what Weatherman is. When they want to attack Fort Dix and say that any GI who holds up the Vee sign is a pig, when they do that, then they are no longer a vanguard and have to be dealt with as part of the Movement.

**Stu:** I had an experience which is interesting. The last couple of months I've been in jail in Alameda County. It's a barracks situation, and I've been talking politics and revolution in the barracks day after day, arguing, educating. When the trial started, we got the Oakland Tribune, which is very right-wing, and it was all front page. People would read that police were beaten up and it was very impressive to just about everybody. They put in terms of "hippies can fight. The hippies wasted a pig." They liked that. It picked up their respect for the hippies. But it is hard to say how typical this barracks was, since I'd been rapping for weeks.

**Abe:** Which of course has nothing to do with the original love ethic.

**Stu:** They understand the politics. They understand the politics. They understand that there's a trial going on in Chicago. They understand that one of the defendants is Bobby Seale, the blacks understand that. They understand that the hippies are angry. It isn't as if people suddenly started running in the streets of Chicago. The trial gives it a context, a political context, and people don't have to be too sharp to pick it up.

**Armand:** Street kids aren't going to dig the Tribune when it hokes them to pity the cops. These kids are gonna dig that those pigs got wasted. I don't think that the media reaction is going to go over in communities that really do get shat upon by the pigs. They'll either dig it openly or respect it in a quiet kind of way in view of what happened to the Weathermen.

But there is another side to the media. This thing has absolutely no legitimacy in middle-class and upper-class communities. What you get are headlines like "Vermin". This gives the pigs a mandate to do anything they want, and what we have to raise at this time is the question of whether the Movement, the revolution, or whatever is happening in this country is ready to withstand an all-out onslaught with no protection or support within the sector of the society that makes the decision.

**Abe:** Getting back to the idea of a spark, one thing that Weatherman has done is to legitimize last year. Now *Chicago Today* is talking about "last year demonstrators were attacked by police, this year police were the attacked." Last year's cool, this year's senseless.

On the other hand, Weatherman is always talking about "repression building resistance" and "abolishing white skin privilege," about heightening the struggle. Would Weatherman view it as good or bad if the Chicago Eight was convicted, even though their action, by legitimizing last year, may make for a merciful Judge Magoo?

**Bob:** I don't think so.

**Abe:** OK. Is it a "good" if I leave here today and three cops beat up on me. Someone just said that the few people who showed up in the park for the Free City love-in were busted on "I-say-so" disorderlies.

**Bob:** Depends on who they bust.

**Lynn:** That's really an important thing. When I was in the bullpen, the Weathermen said that the best thing that could happen would be if all the black women fought all the white women. By black people expressing their solidarity against their white enemies, their dedication would be raised. That was the line.

**Gumbo:** There was no question of sister solidarity?

**Lynn:** No.

**Abe:** The politics of race war.

**Stu:** I don't know. The Panthers have had too much of an influence on the West Coast for that kind of thing to happen.

**Abe:** What kind of legal preparations were made?

**Bob:** None really. There are a few lawyers and very little bail money.

**Abe:** What kind of defense can they wage in court?

**Al:** Go limp.

**Stu:** Beat up the jury.

**Garry:** Tell the judge to fuck himself and then remain silent.

**Bob:** Listen, you don't have to look at this stuff in terms of how you talk to a girl in jail. Dig it! If you're polite, if you're well-behaved, if you mind your own business, you too can be absorbed into the system. It's as simple as that. You can talk to newsmen, you can talk to Elrod, you can be a hippie. It's as simple as that.

This to me was the whole thing, even though their politics were so wrong that no high school kids from Chicago showed up, which really freaked them out. This is what they wanted to do, even though their politics are so confusing and so tied up with self-criticism that... dig it, Mark Rudd got up and said that the Weather Bureau was revisionist. They called for a fucking National Action; which is a RYM II kind of thing, they laid out a scenario of what's going to happen here and here and here. Wednesday night showed them that that kind of thing is OVER!


Since that's where they were at, they had to complete the action. But already there are signs of change. Just the way they tightened up in 24 hours of moving in the streets was fantastic. Just the way they were able to play off that march and move the way they wanted to was great. That's what makes Chicago worth it all.



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Every summer some part of Chicago gets three inches of rain in 24 hours. No elevators, no lights, no way to get home.

"Wiped out!" they say. "\$5000 for the game room, not even counting the pool table. Never happened before."

Every summer of the world. Disaster of the three-inch rain.

Many Americans would prefer a police state and surrender many civil rights, even freedom of speech, rather than live under present conditions, says Pig City Police Superintendent James Conlisk, Jr.

He claims "educated, informed people" are begging for a feeling of security, "even under a police state."

Conlisk told 4,000 police officials at the 76th annual conference of Police Chiefs in Miami (if you saw the movie "Chief" at the Three-Penny you're hip to that) this week that:

We face "possible anarchy" in this country unless the public gives more support to law enforcement.

"Crime is not a result of poverty and deprivation, as the criminologists and sociologists believe," he said, "It's the disregard for the rights of society."

It is generally supposed that the American military ideal is peace. But unfortunately for this high-school classic, the US Army, since 1776, has filched more square miles of the earth by sheer military conquest than any other army in the world, except only that of Great Britain. And as between Great Britain and the US it has been a close race, Britain having conquered something over 3,500,000 square miles since that date, and the US (if one includes the wresting of the Louisiana Purchase from the Indians) something over 3,100,000. The english-speaking people have done themselves proud in this regard.

Fortune Magazine, Sept. 1935, p 48

Chilean youth are incensed by the movie "Che!" by Twentieth Century Fox. The Milo Theatre, which is showing the film, found a bomb on the premises and a seat burned by acid, Prensa Latina reports.

The Continental Theatre was set on fire and will not open for three months. Stink bombs and tear gas bombs were thrown in other theatres of the capital city where the movie was shown, and signs advertising the movie were painted over.

Youth organizations left circulars in the struck theatres saying, "Chile's youth raises its voice to energetically protest against the lies and infamies invented by the Yankee imperialists against those who struggle for the independence of their people...Down with Yankee imperialism and long live the Cuban revolution."

I had a father-in-law once, a gentle, good jewish man who worked his whole life in the City. A newspaper man for Hearst, in Chicago. He once spent three days in a phone booth, in a race riot. "Nobody wanted to phone, so I was safe there. And I could phone my stories in."

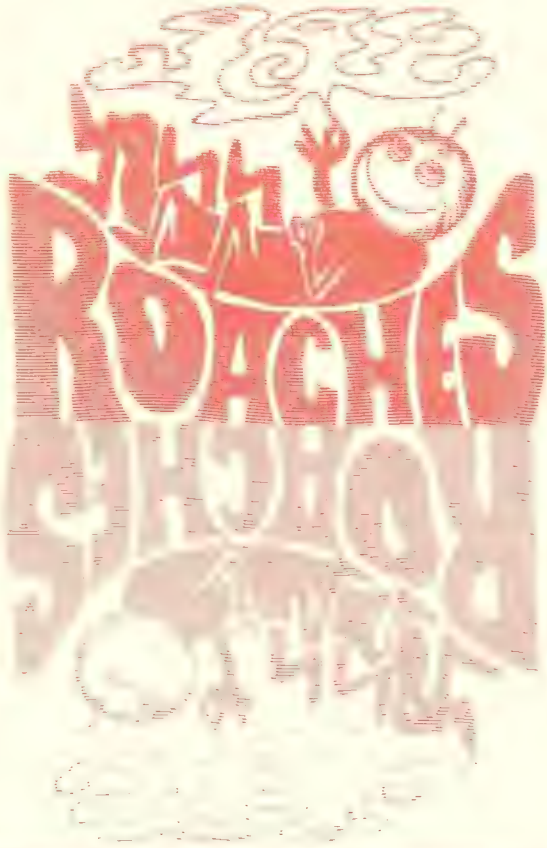
He couldn't always dart out to piss, even.

He went with us once on a vacation to the Wisconsin lakes. He was afraid to take a walk in the evenings: "The deer will put your eyes out with their horns". I tried to explain my admiration for him, that every corner of Chicago is far more dangerous, every day.

Unaware of his life of heroism, he trembled in the forest. But he went out into it, finally. And one fine evening he was lucky enough to surprise three deer only 20 feet away. They stared at one another for a moment, and when the deer stately left, he wept at their beauty.

City boy makes good. Age 56.

The Digger Papers



An event for the main business district of any U.S. city. Infiltrate the largest corporation office building with life-actors as nymphomaniacal secretaries, clumsy repairmen, berserk executives, sloppy security guards, clerks with animals in their clothes. Low key until the first coffee break and then pour it on.

Secretaries unbutton their blouses and press shy clerks against the wall. Repairmen drop typewriters and knock over water coolers. Executives charge into private offices claiming their seniority. Guards produce booze bottles and playfully jam elevator doors. Clerks pull out goldfish, rabbits, pigeons, cats on leashes, loose dogs.

At noon 1000 freed beings singing and dancing appear outside to persuade employees to take the day off.. Banners roll down from office windows announcing liberation. Shills in business suits run out of the building, strip and dive in the fountain. Elevators are loaded with incense and a pie fight breaks out in the cafeteria. Tribune Tower but we ain't sayin' when.

The Digger Papers

Armed with shotguns, Los Angeles police invaded the Watts free breakfast program, Sept. 8, lined the kids up against the wall and arrested four Black Panthers working on the program. Police said they were looking for an alleged murderer. All the food was thrown out. In New York Sept. 9 police arrested the coordinator of the Brownsville free Breakfast program, David Connors, charging him with conspiracy to commit murder, conspiracy to commit armed robbery, possession of a dangerous weapon (he was carrying milk cartons and loaves of bread) and attempted robbery. Bail was set at \$50,000.

Edwin Feliciano, student at the U of Puerto Rico, got a year in prison because he didn't want to go into the American Army.

Later in the day his friends (hundreds of students) got together and invaded the ROTC building. They burned some furniture and outside they burned a US flag, chanting, "Fire. Fire. The Yankees like fire."

#### GOODBYE TO A TOOTH

You are hard and proud, my friend,  
Not soft and long like the tongue:  
Together we have shared all kinds of bitterness  
and sweetness.  
But now you must go west while I go east.  
Ho Chi Minh, Prison Poems

There were two explosions in Wisconsin on Monday, September 30. One in the National Guard Armory and one in the Federal Building in downtown Milwaukee.

The Federal Building went up in the morning, about 2 AM, doing between 75 and a hundred grand worth of damage. An hour and a half later the Guard Armory in Madison got it. There's about 20 FBI agents looking around for the vandals.

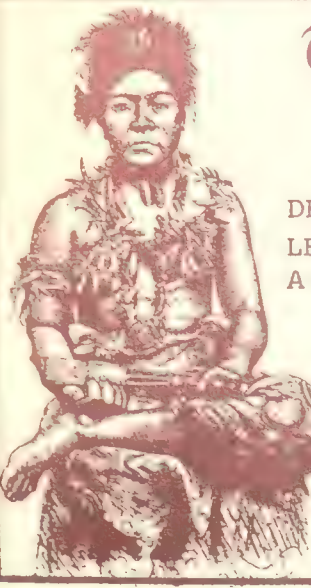
Before leaving the U.S., Irish leader Bernadette Devlin visited Chicago and took a few jabs at Mayor Daley.

The Mayor started it by suggesting that money should be given to the Irish Red Cross instead of Bernadette, a socialist.

Bernadette replied by offering to debate the Mayor over the matter (hizzoner, unfortunately, was out of town) and berated the Irish Red Cross for refusing to supply money for gas masks to protect children from tear gas.

"Tear gas, of course, is not uncommon to Mayor Daley," she said.

Actress Shelley Winters, 46, on why she will not be appearing nude in any of her performances: "Because I think it is disgusting, shameful, and damaging to all things American. But," she adds, "if I were 22 with a great body, it would be artistic, tasteful, patriotic, and a progressive, religious experience."



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# I Got Dem Ol' Kozmic Blues Again, Mama

JANIS JOPLIN

"Look up in the sky! It's a bird! No, it's a plane! No, it's Superwoman! Who, disguised as Janis Joplin, mild-mannered screamer for a great metropolitan rock band, fights a never ending battle for truth, justice . . ."

Well, ol' Janis' tonsils are still holding up, folks.

When all is said and done, history will remember only a very few of today's rock people. The Beatles, Dylan, maybe the Stones . . . History is going to remember Janis Joplin as the woman who made screaming an art form.

Dig it. Ol' Janis stopped screaming. Better still, she started singing. There really is a difference between wailing and screaming. It took Janis a long time to learn it, but when she did, Wow! Far fuckin out! This woman really can wail.

Now, couple this new-found talent with the other great change in her sound. Ol' Janis aint messing around with no more small bands; she's wailing in front of a full big-band, with horns and things. And instead of competing with her, the band complements her sound.

This took quite some time to happen. About nine months ago, Janis did a concert at Northwestern with the new group, not too long after it first came together. The concert was for shit. *Kozmic Blues* shows what happens when you lay money and greed aside for a while and work at improving your art. It was a mistake Blind Faith made, much to the Cream freaks' chagrin.

Although some of the songs here are not original ("To Love Somebody"), listening to Janis wail them out make the more traditional versions sound like bad demonstration copies. Including "Work Me, Lord," a gospelish song, was a stroke of genius. She handles gospel in a way that might turn Madalyn Murray into a believer.

Her latest single, "Maybe," is probably the greatest sound ever to leap out of a blues-singer's mouth. It is the high point of her new record.

I dislike pushing my opinion of a song into anyone's face, but "Maybe" is so great I'm surprised the AM stations have enough taste to play it.

Mike Gold

# Alice's Restaurant

You can get anything you want from *Alice's Restaurant*. For *Easy Rider* types, there's lotsa po-lice harassment and some really nice cycle-racing and riding shots. There are dozens of beautiful longhairs if you are in need of social confirmation. Nice music, folk and rock, performed well and in the most intimate setting ever captured on screen. There's even a minor-league groupie. Singing, dancing happiness, and quivering-lip heartbreak for the emotional freaks. A bohemian smorgasbord with the humor and innocence of the Massacre intact.

While capturing this passive cockeyed craziness, the movie inherits the passivity of the original; goes nowhere. It never develops a coherent theme, just a collection of episodes revolving around a few main characters and locales. Ray and Alice have marital difficulties, and the ending signifies that they will continue to have marital difficulties. Arlo will continue to be Arlo and two hours of movie has done nothing but kill off two characters whose importance is mainly that of the reflected emotions they rouse in Ray, Alice and Arlo.

Visually, the film shows the beautiful eye/hand of Arthur Penn, who did *Bonnie and Clyde*. Again, Penn has captured the beauty of a slice of America: the greener-than-green woods of New England and the oppressive grime of New York; the New England way of life and the East Coast bohemian intelligentsia freak scene of peasant blouses and embroidered bookbags. But the content is lacking in the natural flow of *Bonnie and Clyde*, instead, a series of swoops and leaps, "A year in the life."

The emotional relationships that SHOULD fill out this film are curiously trite and two-dimensional. Arlo himself is an emotional neuter, outgoing and good-natured, even with his girl.

Ray and Alice are a little less cardboard, Ray is done well by James Broderick; highly charged emotional dynamite, ready to explode in any direction at any moment. Impulsive and theatrical, his wind-shifts and con-

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# The Velvet Underground

going into this record is like standing in a thick woods in the moonlight. you don't know where you are, but you're not lost. the simple beauty around you lights and the warm breeze comforts you, but every so often you're chilled by a harsher gust or an animal's tortured hunting cry. it's like those corny horror stories where someone purchases the most beautiful painting in the world, and stares at it for days, captivated by its every dimension, until the demons come out of the canvas and pull him frozen into it.

the captivating power in this album is hypnosis, as it has always been with the velvet underground. the monotonous rhythms, the repetitive melodies and phrases, they calm you, soothe you, ease you over into another realm, a realm where pristine beauty and tingling madness exist together — not as opposites, not even side by side, but as complimentary parts of the same universe. here is a shining goblet in front of you, the most perfect work of art in the universe, filled with the greatest wine known to man. when you take it in your hand, you discover that it is alive, that it is creeping on your skin, that it is melting — or is your hand turning into crystal? when you drink the wine, you find that it is blood, and more delicious than anything you've ever tasted.

remember when the doors had the power to evoke strange visions? this record is far stranger than the doors, for its vision is far more real. the doors only tripped into their mad world, and it took all kinds of tricks — melodrama, stagey showmanship — to bring you to where you could peek in. the velvet underground live in their vision, and their expression of the vision has the same all-encompassing verite of a dream — it's all around you, it's where you live, it's real. knowing that it's only a record ("only a record") makes it like those moments when you first awaken, still in your dream. "i am here," you say, "i am awake," simultaneously believing in and living in your dream-world.

warning: this album can be addictive. it's so beautiful . . . it's so very real.

mike abrahams

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# ABBEY ROAD

the beatles

Once upon a time, the Beatles took a trip, and transmuted into the great lonelyheartsclub band. Further on, they donned the ringmaster's top-hat and led a confused mystery tour from the depths of their own breath, they poured forth a voluminous treatise in white jacket--of such breadth as to say--where it's (we're) at is everywhere (which we really knew all along, but took a bit of time to fathom fully) we do music and love it, and we write the songs that wake us up in the mornings, and we live the whole thing morning by morning.

And so, after 90 minutes of breathless listening to them exhibit their captivating wares, we began to realize that the Beatles would no longer be a monument, but just 4 people, subject to the same maelstrom as we, but able to articulate the experience into a series of musical vignettes--90 minutes in the lives.

And so, for a while, the Beatles were camouflaged by the diversity of their visions and no one knew where they were headed, maybe not even themselves. The public flashes were rare and only occasionally enlightening: John and flipped-out Yoko spending Beatle charisma on their private theater of the absurd; Paul married and reputed high-societal; Ringo peacefully puttering in his own domain; George--Eastern, busted, mellow. Rumors flew of internal dissension, financial troubles, indecision--Where are the Beatles?

Individual efforts emerged: Wonderwall, Two Virgins, Electronic Music by George (!)...Lions by the naked virgins, Paul as slick producer, but no clues to the whereabouts and whatabouts of the group's identity.

Single records -- Hey Jude the fantastic cream-puff, Get Back and Ballad of John and Yoko; a return to simpler times. Still no coherent picture, just flashes of flux without direction.....

.....And now the next piece of the puzzle has come across the sea, in the form of an album called Abbey Road. Rather than a clue, it comes as a message -- once and for all, stop the game, kick the jigsaw all over the floor, 'cause the Beatles are just a musical phenomenon and have come beyond the group-guided-tour for all time. No longer limited by the need to explain themselves; no longer a collective unconscious to be probed at will by culture-vultures unable to resist the temptation to superimpose a Beatle-morality onto

non-Beatle lives. The Beatles refusing to play pop-maharishi; just playing Music.

So we can examine the new album as just that--Just Music. And, as they have simplified the context, so have they simplified the music. The occasional artiness of the double album is gone; the too-careful arrangements that made that album too heavy to digest in a single sitting has been replaced by a looser hand at the controls, more confidence in the power of their musical intuition. Most of the material on this new one gives the feeling that it could be done by the four Beatles, onstage, without the assistance of 43-piece orchestras, stand-ins, or the electronic marvels of a recording studio.

The new sense of confidence is well-founded--the level of playing on this album is at an all-time high, and the improvement is immediately apparent, especially in Ringo and George. Ringo, who's previous progression as a drummer ran from incompetent to poor, produces some interesting riffs, worthy of individual note. He even gets a solo in The End, that, while not of Ginger Baker quality, produces the same kind of heavy tension.

Harrison is in a whole different league. He has developed into one of the solidest, most consistently interesting guitarists around. This is not meant to demean his technical ability; he has certainly made a lar-

CONT. ON PAGE 26



Woodstock Nation, Abbie Hoffman, Vintage \$2.95 or free, depending on your shopping habits.

This here book is called "a talk-rock album" because Abbie believes that rock groups are the speaker's bureau for the Revolution, and at the same time is more than happy to talk about the politics of music, dope, the New Left, and America's role in the world.

Woodstock Nation is about the "three days of peace and music" that shook the planet. It is also a Mailer-trip ("And then I did...") which happens to put down Mailer in the course of running its course. But mainly it is the minutes of last year as told by a guy who occupied the combination role of electronic savage and urban warrior. Abbie takes us from the tear-gassed streets of our city to the acid-soaked scenario of hip

life in the Catskill Mountains, and then projects that consciousness back into Mr. Magoo's Conspiracy Courtroom. Actually, it isn't as "neat" (another word for linear--ugh) as that, but, as the Sons of Champlain say

Don't have time to be pretty

I'm much too nitty-gritty

To be cool, calm, and collected

What would be a sad ego trip if written by someone else becomes an important message in Hoffman's hands, since anyone who's worked on projects with him knows that an Abbie is an Abbie is an Abbie.

Abbie doesn't attempt to write great works of literature; what he does is to put raps down on paper. Some of the riffs, such as the one about kicking out the jams at Rio Grande College, appeared in underground papers, others are the words to songs or lists of quotes. What Abbie does so well is to put all this chaos into some kind of pattern capable of making us say "Far Fucking Out!" Abbie is a cultural balladeer, transmitting information in the form of connected stories. If you can dig it, think of a heavy Donovan.

Woodstock Nation is the same kind of instant journalism that Revolution For The Hell Of It was. It is a five-day reality pad composed on the floor of Random House and "produced" (dig the color and layout--about the spiffiest yet in a mass-circulation paperback) by the firm that handles most of the underground press' record advertising. It's not as funny as Revolution, but "America" is spelled "Amerika" these days.\*\*\*

Abbie seems to define his trip as providing a continuing flow of information designed to help us to stay alive in the hard days ahead. Instead of the catalog of ripoffs called "Fuck the System" we have pages on counter-insurgency lifted from army manuals. If you're not as impressed by the new stuff, keep in mind that Abbie is about the best person around who's into trying to combine the culture of grooviness with the politics of keeping the culture under the control of its people.

Abbie and I had our differences in the past, but I now think of him as my brother. He feels the same way about all of us who've managed to survive the last couple of years and grow thorns to protect our flowers. Pick up on the book--you'll learn from and be inspired by it. What more can you ask for?

\*\*\*A good example of the new Action-Amerika came down while the book was being put together. Just as the pages were ready to be bound, the FBI and the union arrived at the shop and managed to convince its owner that something-or-other was "not in the national interest." It took a frantic search to drum up someone ballsy enough to do the job.

Reviewed by Abe Peck

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in the fall...





# pygmy works

Here are some poems for the Chicago Seed, the friendliest paper in Chicago! Most of these poems find their way to the Lower East Side, lay low awhile, then fly off the handle. Seriously, most of the poets here live in NYC or the West Coast and at one time or another have been involved with the Poetry Project, St. Marks Church In-the-Bowery, 10th St & 2nd Ave, which has FREE writing workshops, weekly scheduled poetry readings (Wednesdays), open readings Mondays at 8:30, a mimeo magazine called THE WORLD, and others. See you around!

AW

[ Among the "others" is the newly released THE WORLD ANTHOLOGY published by Bobbs-Merrill in both hard & soft cover. We'll talk more about that Celebration in the next issue, AW!

mr ]

Sewer mist      clouds rising  
                         quiet N.Y. morning  
streets empty  
                         pigeons flap onto  
the windscreen of a cab  
whistling through  
                         industrial desert of Queens

Harris Schiff



HUSH, HUSH

I know these radio waves  
are being stored away  
in my brain somewhere  
even tho I'm not here  
to pay any attention  
to them

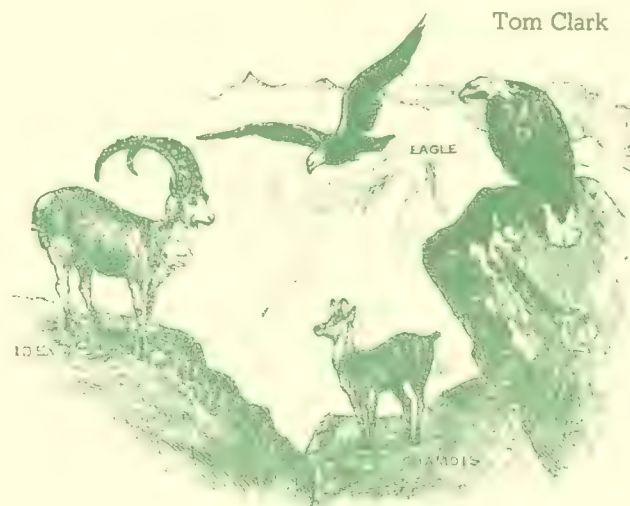
They'll come back later as  
frequency-modulated  
variety shows and UHF cabaret

This is what I was thinking, Ted

For instance, while I was  
writing this  
the following music  
came into my head

Overture to Sonata for Trumpets & Strings  
by Henry Purcell  
Miles Davis: Ssh . . . Peaceful  
Jimmy Reed: Hush, Hush

Tom Clark



Scene in the Alps.

WHAT IT TAKES

a lot of guts

to do what you want

if what you want is

better housing  
for the underprivileged  
fair wage increases  
an end to air pollution  
no taxes! end the war  
in Viet Nam no cops  
no draft FREE DOPE  
peace FUCKING IN THE STREETS!

\*FUCKING IN THE STREETS\*

now there's something

Anne Waldman

IT'S IMPORTANT

It's important not  
to back out  
of the mirror:

You will be great, but  
you will be Queer.

That makes it complicated.

Ted Berrigan

BABY JESUS AND THE RHINESTONES

"The important thing to remember is that everyone actually is a genius . . ." I am mentioning the word "genius" so often now because this morning I discovered that I hadn't thought or spoken that word in more than eight months. It is absolutely necessary to keep all things as balanced as possible: Someday perhaps we'll sit down and have a talk about silence.

Michael Brownstein

69

Two twisty snakes  
Cabalistic pubic hair of Chubby Checker

Ron Padgett & Tom Clark



HOTEL ALBERT ROOM 542

I am afraid to hide  
and seek with my hands covering my eyes.  
I want a woman by my side  
with her hand held in mine. I want butterflies  
in this city  
we are nobody  
in the twentieth century.  
I have no other home  
and rarely receive telephone  
calls in my one-weekly room.  
I am nobody whom  
somebody reads or listens to.  
Sometimes my wishes do not come true,  
though I cannot stop thinking of you.

Gerard Malanga

ELEFANTE FANTASTICO

His memory was a sieve  
But the creature that never forgets  
Was to big to go  
Through the holes.

Peter Schjeldahl



LIFE SAYS OK

The old folks sit by the dam  
Red stalls in the stables  
Erstwhile gringo fellows click  
On and off in the evening  
  
In the Georgia of dreams  
For research a pretty woman  
Who meets the seat in a flower  
Garden on warm silken underwear

She looks toward the sunlight  
Swimming in the beat  
On vacation from daily use

Life says OK  
Let's work on it

Dick Gallup

THINGS

I  
feel  
an  
ache  
of  
anxiety  
because  
this  
person  
toward  
whom  
I  
feel  
kindly  
is  
a  
crazy  
person  
and  
I  
could  
make  
her  
crazier  
(more  
crazy)  
if  
I  
said  
the  
wrong  
things.

Larry  
Fagin



Natives of the Selvas

INSIDE YOU

The point  
at which you break off defining things,  
listening, and experiencing, the waves  
of your own voice, starting  
to get it out through your chest,  
which is inside you, as is your head,  
with the hair on top brushed across the forehead,  
stuttering which is not breathlessness,  
you shrug knowing less of yourself and the  
afterthought which goes on forever.

Lewis Warsh

ONE DAY IN NOVEMBER

One day in November an  
Indian chief with a prominent erection  
Came to tea. He sat erect in his chair  
Holding the erection in front of his chest.  
It never moved but we knew he was ill at ease.

Larry Fagin

Orgasms	Orgasms
Orgasms	Orgasms
for sale	for sale
Orgasms	Orgasms
for sale	for sale
rent	rent
or trade	or trade
for sale	for sale
rent or trade	rent or trade
rent	rent
or trade	or trade

John Giorno

THE BLUE PILL

I took the blue pill this morning.  
I get new angles on the trees across the driveway.

Timmie the bear  
does his little roll on the rug  
  
and at night a sound gathers  
the tiny ambulances from their homes.

it is distant and hollow,

a little like the sound  
of a perfectly tuned ocarina.

Jim Carroll



Peak of Kilimanjaro, Africa.

\* REGULAR SONNET \*

You'd be surprised how many things  
you can get done in a day  
And also the things you can't  
Dear You-Know-Who  
He talks so much  
The day runs out  
Your best friends come & stay  
You make some tea  
You eat a little rice & vegetables  
You take vitamins  
You get healthy  
You visit the country  
& read about the trial of Sirhan Sirhan  
That poor man.

Anne Waldman



# HIGH SCHOOL

PHOTO:  
BILLY HARPER

Generally speaking, high school students are expected to get good grades, stand in straight lines, not talk out of turn, raise their hands, know their place, respect their elders, love their school, do their homework, study for tests, and follow orders; and be convulsed with fear and hatred when they hear "SDS" or "Black Panther Party" or "Communists."

For those of us who do not do what is expected of us by school administrators, there are three questions: first, what can be done to save the rest of the kids from a school career and a life of doing what is expected of them? Second, can they be saved? And third, is it worth the trouble?

This article is for those of us who believe that the answer to the last two questions is Yes.

What needs to be done is to heal all the cases of "media burn," that dread disease which grows worse with time until it is all but incurable. You can't teach an old dog new life-styles.

People must be shown the schools as the robot factories they really are. People have got to be turned on to the new culture, to the values, to the life. People must be shown the evidence of America's hypocrisy, injustice and wasted lives. People must be given an alternative to the life that is being mapped out for them.

And remember that while you're sitting there reading this, a kid is getting a detention for talking out of turn, the school cop is busting a kid for dope, student council is raising money for American flag kits to be sent to underdeveloped countries, the principal is leading the student body in the Pledge of Allegiance, a kid is being suspended for doing an underground newspaper, and our friends and classmates are learning racism, sexism,

hatred and apathy.

## WHAT CAN BE DONE?

Start an independent newspaper. Encourage others, too. Write about movement activities at other high schools. Explain the clenched fist; explain the omega sign; explain the movement's rhetoric and then try to stay away from it.

Write about the official school organ; write about student council; write about school spirit; write about student's rights; write about boring classes.

Write about the draft; write about Breakfast for Children; write about the war, and write about the people of Vietnam; write about the convention and write about the Conspiracy; write about the American Way.

Sell the Seed and sell Rising Up Angry. Ask for good speakers at school, and if you don't get them find a hall outside of school where you can have speakers and News-reel showings.

Leaflet. Pass around all the single copies of leaflets that you have; get quantities from SDS, CADRE and Student Mobe. Wear a button you believe in and explain it to people. Get buttons for the people you know who believe in something.

And talk. Start conversations with buttons or literature. Ask people what they think of things, and discuss it. Person-to-person contacts are the most important. The idea of activism is to spark person-to-person contacts on political subjects, and to show the need for communication, organization, and action.

Communicate, Organize, and Act!

Yossarian

## KIM FOWLEY GOOD CLEAN FUN

Produced by Kim Fowley and Michael Lloyd  
Imperial Records LP-12443



Of all the people who've been involved with rock 'n roll over the years, and there must be thousands of them out there throwing parties or pumping gas, there can't be many with more background in the music than Kim Fowley.

His first big record as a producer-composer was "Nut Rocker" by B. Bumble and the Stingers. From there, the Fowley fungus mushroomed; every time he dived into the studio he put down some history. Here now, in no particular order, is a list of the artists he's either recorded, jammed with, or generally messed around with.

His first band (while still at high school) included Sandy Nelson on drums and Bruce Johnston on bass. Kim was the equipment manager.

He was the founder-member of the Hollywood Argyles, and sang on "Alley Oop," co-produced "Papa Oom-Mow-Mow" with the Rivingtons, and jammed with B. B. King and Dee Clark.

Frank Zappa then asked him to join the Mothers which he did for "Help I'm A Rock." Kim formed Chatahoochee Records,

cut the Murmaids' goldie, "Popsicles and Icicles," then split for the first of his two visits to England.

He recorded Mick Fleetwood and Ritchie Blackmore (leader of Deep Purple) in London, let Gary Brooker of Procol Harum sleep on the floor of his Earl's Court pad, was P. J. Proby's dance instructor, body guard, confidant and record producer. He raised hell and recorded with Keith Moon, wrote the flip side of Cat Stevens' first hit, was the first person to record Family, gave the Rockin' Berries their only two hits, let himself be produced by Mickie Most who wasn't game to release the tapes, and cut the first discs ever made with Dave Mason and Jim Capaldi.

Back in the States, he formed the House for Homeless Groups which produced October Country and Steppenwolf (who paid him \$25 a week for food, advice and lodging), was named by Jim Morrison as one of his favorite poets, had a heart attack, loaned Van Dyke Parks \$25 and took him into his first recording studio.

He has made \$1,300,000 from the record business, and he now lives in a room above a garage with no sheets on his bed.



# THE SEED IS PLANTED

North

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**BILLY  
AND  
BETTY**

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LISTEN TO WCFL FOR LATEST 22ND CEN-  
TURY CONCERT INFORMATION



We try our hardest to get all we can on this page...If you want your thing included it doesn't cost anything. Call or write The Seed 929-0133 (terry) 2628 N Halsted Chicago Illinois 60614

MUSIC

Chicago Blues Scene  
South Side(bars, you must be 21)

Burning Spear 55th & State  
Turners 39th & Indiana  
Peppers 43rd & Vincennes  
Therasas 48th & Indiana  
I Spy 500 W 63rd  
Club DeLisa 56th & S State  
Blue Flame Oakwood& Cottage Grove

West Side Soul  
Chantay 4654 W Madison  
Eddie Shaw's Lounge 4423 W Madison  
L & A 1422 So Pulaski  
Walton's Corner S Roosevelt&Washtenaw  
1815 Club Annex 1815 W Roosevelt  
Licking Stick 1700 W Roosevelt  
Sportman's Roosevelt & Kedzie  
Key Largo Roosevelt & Damen  
Flamingo 2500 W Roosevelt  
\*\*\*\*\*

For the latest blues happenings drop by the Jazz Record Mart 7 W Grand and they'll tell you who's where.....

AACM Concert every Weds 8pm at the Hyde Park Art Center 5236 S Blackstone Donation \$1.25 for info call 955-9542

The James E Fu ques Blues Band plays every Weds at the Fillinf Station 12 W Maple

Super jam sessions every Weds nite at 8:30 All musicians welcome, bring your own equipment. Set groups Fri & Sat adm 50 cents to \$1 House of Omar 43 E Dormer on the boardwalk in Aurora call 896-8796

Sun Oct 26 the 6th Anniversary Concert at The Village School of Folk Music 631 Deerfield Rd concerts at 2, 3 & 4pm Hootenany at 7:30 open stage for all performers FREE

Beverly Sills, Gloratura soprano will give a benefit performance at Roosevelt Univ in the Auditorium Theater Nov 11 at 8:30 Call WA2-3580 for info.

Rock Cantatas  
Sunday City in A Swamp---5 & 6pm  
Liberation 7:30 & 9pm  
Monday City in a Swamp 8pm Liberation at 9pm FREE at the Center for New Music 2259 N Lincoln Ave

Oct 24 Donovan Concert at the Auditorium Theater 7 & 10:30 \$3.50-6.50  
Oct 31 Henry Mancini& Chad Mitchell 8:30, \$3.50-7:50  
Nov 14 Petula Clark 8:30, \$3.50-7.50  
\*\*\* For tickets for the three above concerts call or write Triangle Theater Productions.

The Lyric Opera Oct 27&31 Madama Butterfly, Oct 29-Nov3 & 7 Flying Dutchman, Nov 5 & 8 Puritani, Nov 12-14 Don Giovanni Tickets: Lyric Opera, 20 N Wacker

The Jazz Institute presents concerts Sun days at the North Park Hotel, \$2.50 adults, \$2 students with ID

So Side Jazz every Weds 9-4am Josephines Pumpkin Room 2015 E 71st Call 288-9331

THEATER

Basement Repertoire theater is always trying to get new people in. If interested call Gary Trick at AU 7 5888 from 10am -6pm, 8pm-10pm

Sat 8pm UNITY, a theater coop presents "The Experimental Audience" a series of theater workshops with audience participation at the Unity 656 W Barry

# CALENDAR

Hull House Theater 3212 N Broadway is temporarily closed, watch the calendar for re-opening

Theater Workshops for the Modern Actor's Studio \$1.50 for each week= ly session Call 549-1002 for more information

Kingston Mines Co. 2356 N Lincoln presents the 'Serpent' Fri-Sat-Sun 9pm thru Nov 23 \$2 Call 525-9893

Second City 1616 N Wells 'Old Wine' Fri 9&11; Sat 8:30, 11, 1; Sun 9pm \$2.95-3.95 Call 337-3992

Second City Childrens Theater 1616 N Wells 'Land of the Stage" 2:30pm Sat& Sun \$1 Call 337-3992

New Theater Workshop offers a complete program of progressive theater educaiton for children & teenagers 2360 N Lincoln Ave Call 281-0111 or 549-0594 for info.

Chicago Reperatory Theater 778-9781

SPECIAL

Northwestern Univ Theater 'Live Like Pigs' Oct 24-26, 29-31, Nov 1-2 Wed-Sat 8pm, Sun 4 Adm \$2-3 for tick= ets sand a self addressed envelope to Univ Theater Box Office, Speech Bldg 1905 Sheridan Evanston. For info call 492-7282.

Kingston Mines Theater Co presents the Serpent at 2356 N Lincoln Fri-Sat-Sun 9pm \$2

Cafe Topa 904 W Belmont presents 'We Close in 16 Minutes' 'Crawling Arnold' & 'The Unexpurgated Memoirs of Bernard Mergendieeler' Fri-Sat 8:30 Call 549-8618

Community Arts Foundation will be conducting Theater Games at 615 W Wellington Call 525-1052 for info.

Dearborn Observatory, Publiv Viewing every Fri weather permitting FREE but send self addressed envelope for tickets. Call 492-7651 for info.

TEACH IN MacMillan Theater, Columbia University Sat Oct 25 9:30 am to 5pm Call 524-2020 for info.

Synthetic Theater performances: Univ of Ill Circle Campus Fri Oct 24 8pm Chicago Public Library Sat Nov 1 noon. The Synthetic Theater gives free(donation) performances the 1st & 3rd Sun of each month 4pm Reservations please, call 332-5924

Black Panthers, Young Patriots & the Yung Lords present American Revolution 2 at the Aardvark Theater 1608 N Wells Call 337-4654 for info.

Sat Oct 25 the College of Complexes 105 W Grand 9pm Paul Bradley, Cook County Public Defender speaks on Criminal Law A Tool to The People' \$1 Come early to get a seat.

5th International Chicago Film Festival Nov 8-19 Call MI 2-3111 or MI 2-3348 for info.

AWARE Nov 4, 8:15pm Victor H May, Private Investigator will speak on Pre-marital & Domestic Investigations' at the Poppinjay Archery Club 5556 N Clark call 922-7566 for info.

Adler Planetarium Sky Show til Dec 1 will be 'Astronomy & the Space Age' 50 cents for adults, kids 25 cents.

Go see the groovy new wall on the build ing at 247 E Ontario.

Ecology workshop Tues at IWW Hall 2422 N Halsted 2nd floor

RADIO

Horror & Thriller Classics every Weds 6:30 pm on WLS/FM 94.7

TVTVTVTVTVTVTVTVTVTV

'Why Not Pornography?' the Univ of Chicago Round Table asks Hugh Hefner, Dr Morris Lipton & Dr Daniel X Freedman Channel 11, Oct 21 7pm

Simon & Garfunkel Special on CBS Nov 30.

ART

Art By Telephone includes paintings done from telephone instructions and dial a poem in which 34 poets will read their works (Call 944-3640) at the Museum of Contemporary Art 237 e Ontario Call 943-7755 for info.

EXHIBITS

Photography of Brian Katz & Robert Lippgar until Nov 1 9-5pm at the Chicago Illini Union, Univ of Ill Medical Center 828 S Wolcott

COMMUNITY

Nov 1, 1pm the Chicago 8 will speak at the Civic Center, sponsored by the Chic Peace Council.

Oct 29 Mass rally & reception for Dr Spock, Palacio Theater, 4040 N Sheridan Rd. Reception 6pm, \$25 per couple; rally at 7:30 \$5, \$2, \$1.

Nov 13-14 Student Strike

Nov 14-15 All out for Washington DC Death March & Mass Demonstration as a culmination of the Fall Offensive.

Po-lice Community Council of the 18th District meets on the 2nd Tues of each month at the courtroom 113 W Chicago Ave at 8pm

2pm almost every Sunday Concerned Citizens of Lincoln Park meet Call 348-6842 for more information.

Lincoln Park Twon Meeting the 3rd Weds of each month. Community Review Board(police & community relations) 4th Wed of each month Both at the Church of the Three Crosses 1900 N Sedgwick 8pm

CONTINUING

TUESDAYS Draft counseling at the Feed-store 2464 N Lincoln 8-10pm

SUNDAY Sings at the Old Town School of Folk Music 909 W Armitage Special guest featured weekly FREE cal= l 525-7472

THE CENTER utilizes Eastern & Western ways and "non-ways" in the development of the human soul. For reservations write or call 140 N State 641-5695

Broken Wall Coffee House discussions speakers, special presentations 5203 N Kimbal Nightly 8-11 Fri & Sat 8:30-12 Closed Mondays.

Earl of Old Town  
Live Folk Music 1615 N Wells  
Really fine music and folks 9-4am

The Blue Gargoyle is closed for the CADRE pot luck dinner info call CADRE Sat between 11-7 664-6895

Museum of Science & Industry 9:30-4 daily Sun 10-6 Free to get in but some of the neat things inside cost maybe as much as 50 cents.

The Art Institute is free open daily 10-5 pm Thurs 10-8:30 Sun 1-6 Michigan Ave at Adams St.

FRIDAYS Cental YMCA holds social dances 9 to midnight Farwell Hall 19 S Lasalle Open to the public admission is 75 cents

FREE LECTURES given at the Loop Sc ientology Center. WEDS Write for free tickets to Wm. J Emas 2439 S Ridgeway Chicago Ill 60623

Street Theater Workshops at the Wellington Church 615 W Wellington every Weds nite at 8pm for political minded freaks who want to do their thing inthe streets

WEDNESDAYS poetry readings at Alices Restaurant 9pm til midnight or til or even if Alices stays open..

The Vanguard Bookstore is closed.

The Oxymoron at the First Church of Lombard, Main & Maple features food drink, music discussion & people Weds & Fri 8:30 to 11:30 50 cents;

WEEKENDS Harper Theater Coffee House Revue of improvisation & satire by the New Old Fashioned Players. every Fri&Sat 9-1am Folk, bluegrass, balladeers also featured.

WEEKENDS Geja's Wine & Cheese Cafe features Tomas, flamenco guitarist on Fri& Sat nites 1248 N Wells 9:30-1:30 No Cover Charge

Myopia Coffee House Wed, Theater, poetry movies, Fri, Sat, sun all types of Musical entertainment \$1.50 males \$1 females coffee, tea, or cider, pastries 8pm 8344 Niles Center Road.

ITS HERE 6455 N Sheridan Rd Coffee house with folk singers and satirists. Daily 8-1am Fri & Sat til 2am \$2.50 Call Sh 3-2667

ALI COFFEE HOUSE folksinging Fri & Sat nites, Weds Hootenany nite Nightly from 7:30 Closed Mon; Weds costs 75 cents Fri & Sat cost \$1 4315 W 63rd Call 767-7154

Music at the Tuna Fish 1700 Maple(The Old Student Union) in Evanston For now it's Saturdays only 7:30-12:30

THE QUIET KNIGHT folk music entertainment by popular stars 9-2am 1311 N Wells. By far Monday nite is the best night. Call 944-8755

CAFE PERGOLES 3404 N Halsted coffeehouse, bridge, chess, local artists gallery baroque music. Nightly 6-12 Sat & Sun til 1am No cover no minimum

TUESDAYS Poetry workshops at the Bookstore/Storefront from 8-10pm 25 cents 2478 N Lincoln

New Sphere Coffeehouse 104th & King Dr Sept 5th Monterey Hand. Sunday nites 'Newsreel films' The Backway Coffeehouse has closed and is under new management.

Rahabs coffee house, 1649 N Wells, coffee, cider, chocolate, music discussion poetry only 50 cents on weekends.

9th Way Coffee House 116 S Michigan Rm 1108 8pm Fridays.

TUESDAYS discussions at The Door 31 24 N Broadway Also occasional poetry readings, chess & cards provided Now open every night.





JOFFREY AT ALICE'S LAST PARTY ★ PHOTO DAVE HOFFMAN

Friends in struggle,

Following are errata of Volume four No six of Seed: Heading article page 3 omitted "Conspiracy 8 Goes to Bat." Photos page 8 should have been identified l. Bob Lee, r. Preacher Man. Page 17 handmade piece on left hand side should be credited to "The Northwest Passage," Bellingham Washington. Godspeed Sharon Yelvington, wherever you are. Grafix back page, Karl & Wanderoo, grafix 4&5 Judy & Wanderoo, p3 Wanderoo. Local headshops warn us beware their opium incense being peddled as dequinceys delite. This issue's been a long time comin', but wow-Wanderoo

Dear Seed:

After not seeing a few of your editions I was pleasantly surprised to see your last one.

Although I have always felt that important information was available in your rag, not available elsewhere, I believe that you have more maturity in the area of reportage and layout than in the past. The newsprint is nicer, too.

I do believe that if you would reference your statements, where possible, your articles would be more widely accepted. For example, you reported that Spiro Agnew's daughter was arrested on a marijuana charge. If you would have reported the background of the story it would have been more credulous than it was (even though the story is now common knowledge). Such referencing would immeasurably add to the credibility of your information to the hip and non-hip alike.

R. Zussman

[Write on, R. Zussman! We have received many calls and letters about the Agnew bustlet storyette. Here is what happened as reported by the Washington Free Press.

Spiro Agnew's 13-year-old daughter was charged with possession of marijuana but then released without penalty. The story has been hushed up by the White House but uncovered by the Washington Free Press.

Elinor Kimberly Agnew, known as Kim to her friends and family, participated in a marijuana party at the fashionable National Cathedral School in Washington D.C. early in June. She was caught along with nine school mates. One of the girls was expelled, four suspended, but no penalties were imposed on Kim and four other girls.

Reporters from the major Washington newspapers and wire services descended upon the Free Press when the story broke in the small underground paper, checked the story out at the National Cathedral School but not a single line on the matter has appeared anyplace but the underground press.]

Dear Seed:

Skimming through the second issue of Seed which happened to fall into my hands, after having pushed aside my first as pessimistic propaganda from the Children of Gloom, I came across Mike James' article ["The Guerrilla Arm of The Liberals," Vol. 4, No. 1] and just recently contemplating Peace Corps read on with interest finding thoughts akin to my questioning: How can I join the Peace Corps when its ultimate goal is to make an America out of Asia, Africa and Latin America? I don't want to develop the underdeveloped into the Great American Way, I only want to filter through a little education to promote the "potential to reason, think, create, love and be free." So I appreciatively read the article, thought some more, and just want to say Thank You Mike James.

A Chicago Reader

Dear Seed Readers (21 and over):

Where were you September 23, 1969 when the voting machines were turned on? Were you among the 86% who could vote for Con-Con delegates and didn't? We get the kind of government we ask for and if we don't ask through our vote, we are saying OK "system" we love you, continue as you are.

A constitution is a social contract, it is an agreement between people as to the ground rules by which they will live and let live. Assuming your "revolution" wins you will have to have ground rules or you will have to use the same kind of "force", "brain-washing" etc., that you object to. There are legal ways for change but it means entering the political arena that exists, understanding issues, supporting the candidates of your choice and VOTING for them. As for the Con-Con delegates, there are dedicated men and women begging for a chance to write a relevant constitution for Illinois but they can't unless citizens, who care, vote for them.

But first things first, register to vote, most of you have permanent addresses. You will have one more opportunity, if you are already registered or will register September 26 through October 17 to vote for Con-Con delegates on November 18. You will be able to vote your approval or disapproval of the new constitution in 1970.

Remember that every issue has an opposite position and if everyone is to do their "Own Thing" deals must be made and that is what compromise is all about; the half way point between opposing positions so that all have saved face, thee and me.

Mrs. Harold L. Passman, President  
League of Women Voters  
CE 6-0315

The following letters were received by The Man at Ease when the store sent out the poster on the next page to it customers.

\*\*\*\*\*

In regards to the nude ad which you sent my wife advertising your store: let me say. . .if you send one more scrap of your dirty, rotten, filthy advertising to this address I shall have you arrested. In fact, I am personally taking this to our local postmaster and see what can be done about this.

You are a stinking stench to the nostrils of decent society. Your (sic) too filthy to die.

\*\*\*\*\*

If you feel you are investing in good business with this, it is a very good way to go out of business in a short time.

\*\*\*\*\*

From the Congress of The United States

At a time when the nation is being flooded with obscene and pornographic publications. . .it would seem reasonable that any legitimate business enterprise would cooperate in preventing material from being circulated which is offensive to anyone.

This apparently is not the case with your establishment. . .I must say frankly that I have never been so shocked and outraged. For a clothing store to utilize this kind of appeal is absolutely abominable. It shows your firm to be one of extremely bad taste. . .you have no regard whatsoever for the sensibilities of persons who could be your customers.

Fletcher Thompson, Member of Congress

\*\*\*\*\*

If the purpose in your latest mailing was to shock and drive away square customers, you've succeeded.

This letter comes from a middle-aged house wife who lives in an integrated community by choice, and thinks sex is just fine. The prurient and twisted sense of values displayed in your ad is not!

\*\*\*\*\*

I was about to type "Gentlemen" at the beginning of this letter--then it occurred to me that anyone associated with the mailing of "Going naked is beautiful. Too." could hardly be addressed as gentlemen.

I shall always regret spending a dime with you. I can't describe the contempt I have for merchants who stoop to such depths in an attempt to make moeny. It must give you consummate pleasure when you stop to think that a large portion of your mailing list must be made up of teenagers.



# Going naked is beautiful. Too.



THE  
MAN AT  
EASE

Beautiful clothes at  
2630 North Clark Street  
open seven days a week  
105 East Ontario Street  
open six days a week

Photo: Connie Bailey

© 1987, The Naked Eye, Inc.



ALICE'S  
CONT. FROM PAGE 12

stant need for an audience are a strain for the sensitive Alice, again played well, by Pat Quinn, who is already overworked trying to keep the restaurant and home (a de-consecrated New England church) on an even keel. Ray forces her romantic nature to turn practical, and difficulties ensue often. All this is complicated by their

mutual involvement with Shelley, an ex-artist-junkie cycle-racer. Michael McClanahan plays him as ex-everything but a nervous wreck, even when he hits up junk.

The film is, all in all, worth seeing, if just for the cinematography. It is engrossing, evocative and as funny as Arlo's song, but *Alice's Restaurant* is even less satisfying than a chinese restaurant: you walk out feeling like you haven't eaten.

Eliot

★★★★ "Absolutely must be seen." — Chicago Sun-Times

"One of the most shocking and upsetting communications ever... I have never seen anything like it."  
— Los Angeles Times

# American Revolution2

**ARDVARK**  
PETERS ALLEY 1608 N. WILLS  
657-2419



STUDENT RATE

2478 NORTH LINCOLN

THE BOOKSTORE

1/2 price paperbacks  
old books & magazines  
old maps  
things of wood from  
THE STOREFRONT

OPEN 4-12 except Mondays

# I Am Curious

(yellow)

Vilgot Sjöman's complete and uncut *I Am Curious (Yellow)* is a "remarkable film (which) has been playing for a long time to droves of Swedes, and to several million people almost everywhere. It is the story of a young girl who is, or was, curious about politics, nonviolence, Zen, commitment, socialism, other Swedes and, to be sure, sex. It is a serious film with a noble theme, and, in dramatic terms, it is original," says *Look* magazine. The Evergreen Film presented by Grove Press stars Lena Nyman. A Sandrews Production. ADMISSION RESTRICTED TO ADULTS.

SHOW TIMES: SUN.—THURS. 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30  
FRIDAY & SATURDAY 3:30, 6:00, 8:30 & 11:00

**PLAYBOY THEATER**  
1204 N. DEARBORN • PHONE 944-3434

## PLAYBOY'S ALL-NIGHT SHOW

PERFORMANCES FRIDAY & SATURDAY FOLLOWING LAST REGULAR FEATURE

OCTOBER 17 JESSIE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER	OCTOBER 18 BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA
OCTOBER 24 Bergman's THE MAGICIAN	OCTOBER 25 Bergman's VIRGIN SPRING
OCTOBER 31 Oscar Werner and Jeanne Moreau JULES AND JIM	NOVEMBER 1 Original and Uncut KING KONG
NOVEMBER 7 Orson Welles CITIZEN KANE	NOVEMBER 8 Gogol's THE OVERCOAT
NOVEMBER 14 David Lean's OLIVER TWIST	NOVEMBER 15 Fellini's LA STRADA

TICKETS \$1.50

**PLAYBOY THEATER**  
1204 N. DEARBORN • PHONE 944-3434

# FOOD

**THE FEEDSTORE RESTAURANT**  
5-1 weekdays 5-2 weekends  
2464 N. Lincoln

"EASY  
RIDER  
IS LIKE  
A SILKY  
HYPNOTIC DREAM  
...A BEAUTIFUL  
EVOCATION  
OF AMERICA  
AS A RIBBON  
OF ROAD  
THROUGH  
MAGIC  
LANDS!"

—Robert Hatch, THE NATION

PANDQ COMPANY in association with  
RAYBERT PRODUCTIONS presents

## EASY RIDER

starring **PETER FONDA DENNIS HOPPER**

**JACK NICHOLSON**  
Written by  
PETER FONDA  
DENNIS HOPPER  
TERRY SOUTHERN

Directed by  
DENNIS HOPPER

Produced by  
PETER FONDA

Associate Producer  
WILLIAM HAYWARD

Executive Producer BERT SCHNEIDER • COLOR • Released by COLUMBIA PICTURES

A WALTER READE THEATRE  
**The ESQUIRE**  
58 E. OAK ST. DE 7-1117

RESTRICTED — Persons under 16 not admitted  
unless accompanied by parent or adult guardian

Today at 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00



A phone call a day to help pave the way

Make a pollution report to:  
Chgo Dept Air Pollution Control 744-3370  
Chgo " " Complaints 744-4077  
Chgo " " Community Relations 744-4070  
City Buses CTA (Give license No.) MO4-7200  
Chgo Fire Dept (Report Smoke) FI7-1313

Pollution is killing you. New organization People Against Pollution (PAP) meets every Sun nite to rap research & decide what needs to be done Got any ideas on how to save the world or info on some major cause of pollution? Call Rue (days) 281-2737 or Warren 345-6330 For more info.

**WARNING NOT FOR FREAKS!** Little Black Book Midwest The singles dating magazine for straight singles only, deals in service not sensation Everyone wants to meet some new people. The Little Black Book just happens to be the safest simplest and easiest way! On sale now or send \$1 to: Suite 203-F, 408 W Main St Fairborn, Ohio 45324 or write for free information

Progressive theater classes for children 5-13 Summerhill type creat. helpers, acting, tech. all interested Cary 549-0594

**DYLANOLOGY**  
We would dig hearing from people with rare source material (TV radio, records, tapes, rare articles, etc) Call Dylan Archives Collect 212-638-6515

Stephen Erbach call 643-4534 any Mon day or Thursday evening from 7pm. to 7:30 pm.

The Seed could sure use some empty large coffee cans, as we mix our own inks and need cans to do it in.

The Seed needs the following office supplies: large manila envelopes, flair pens, ball point pens, message pads, drawing paper, and file folders.

Groovy college male 24 seeks same for fun and games Box 222 % Seed

Hippy beads for self stringing, buttons, (84 diff. 1968 political, 349 funny) decals, Buttons & bumperstickers made to order. Wholesale & retail. FREE catalog Suite 503-S, 160 W 46 St NYC 10036

Uptight? Hip headshrinking to help you get together, student rates Near L Gil 383-5909

**LEGAL HASH.** Turn-on guaranteed. Just like grass, cook or smoke it. \$2 lid makes 20 joints. 3lids/\$5, 7lids/\$10 Hurry!!! Dealers wanted. WINNER Box 4 8475-CS Hollywood 90048

Marianne call Uncle Pat straight No cop outs 275-9384

Anyone interested in leafletting and other support action concerning the Conspiracy trial (to continue until the end of the trial) contact PAR 243-2205 or Jan at 929-0497 or Bob 583-2992 or Ginger 935-9493.

Let your imagination run wild-a club specializing in experimental photography is now being formed Contact Ray at Imagination Unlimited 248-2802 anytime

Photographer needs female model part time exp not nec write Mr Hamilton Box 1433 Chicago 60690

Jan G. we would like to know if everything is OK with you call home or come home anytime you want Just let us know that you are alright Love of course Mom & Dad

Reliable moving anytime,= anyplace reasonable Call 943-1817

**TRIAD** is now on two stations from 9pm to 12 on WXXM radio 106 and from 12 to 4am on WEBH radio 93.9

J call Karen 423-8298



**DIG IT** We have mixed feelings about running some of these ads (freedom of blah-blah vs personal taste) and can't always vouch for the sincerity & legitimacy. In other words procede at your own risk. If you are still interested we get a dollar for the first line 50 cents for each additional line 32 spaces equal one line Movement ads and the ads of people who can hustle terry are free of charge...

**FOR SALE**  
Organ & leslie, Les Paul Jr guitar, Fender Stratocaster guitar, Twin reverb amp, Vox amp, Selmer Alto Sax Call 944-2006 after 7pm.

**FOR SALE**  
Framus Bass Guitar two pick-up, pretty red colour, good action, excellent condition, \$150. Call Rick= at the Seed 929-0133.

Larry Mead Dad very bad, please contact me at Gateway Office, Lynn

Student seeks legit part-time work= nites & weekends Call 544-2667 ask for John

Good looking male 33 desires good looking male for fun and games. preferably during the daytime hours but evening OK too Write Box HAD % Seed

Lazy? Don't care to work? Will= provide pad & bread for chick over 18 Send photo and short note to Box 18 % Seed 2551 N Halsted

**NOW on radio the NOW program for NOW people** Don't miss it! Your Moment of Truth Station WEAW 1330, 2-3pm daily

Female models needed for photography \$40 per session Call 383-5228 7-10pm Weekdays only.

Male 30 desires masculine male, hairy chest, for occasional fun and games Box 359 % Seed

The sexual underground how to join, wife swapping, group sex with pictures Rush \$2 to Orgies Box 337-CS Hollywood 90048 or write for info.

**ANYONE** interested in Free Store Free Restaurant, Communications Center anything else I might dig contact Phil at the People's Park or Young Comanchero Office at 844 W Armitage.

Superpot is better than marijuana! Stock up while still legal. Money back guarantee!! \$2 lid, 3-\$5, 7-\$10 F Kaleda Box 134-st Kent Ohio 44240

**NEW HIGH**  
Now you can really get-off on something that is worth your time and bread. Super grass Gold is a very potent high. Up front Supergrass Gold will get you there or your money back. \$2 per lid, 3/5, 7/\$10 Send to On The Spot, 907 N Harper Box 3 Hollywood Calif 90046 1 Beware of imitation

A Rooster Cometh  
Real chick en with extended mid finger? Go intercourse Thyself. Use as an unrabbits foot, aphrodisiac, mojo, to protest all chicken shit isms Give to po-lice 1 foot 1 buck To Gene 2141 E 95th Pl Chicago 60619

If you would like to place a Seed classified the rates are \$1 for the first line & 50 cents for each additional line count 32 spaces per line please send bread in with your ad to 2628 N Halsted 60614

**Drug Knowledge**  
Famous Turn-On Book: How to synthesize LSD, THC, Psilocybin, Mescaline, more. \$3 to Turn Ons Unltd. 6311 Yucca St Hollywood Calif 90028 Dept 64 Sent in plain envelope Ecstasy or refund Share H<sub>2</sub>O

Dick & Jane needs a Jane!  
Girl (18-35) for fantastic live-in job. Dashing young, handsome and loveable Dick Frost, President of Naked City (Americas Largest Nudist Resort) needs an assistant. "Systemize" yourself to travelling in Dick's limosine, eating with Dick, pushing Dick's wheelchair, shopping with Dick, sleeping in Dick's round bed, and living in Dick's round mansion. Be a Jane for Dick! Write or call Dick at : Nkd City Roselawn, Ind 46372 (219) 987-2000 It'll be electric (to heck with gas)

Handsome Chicago black male, 26, seeks in telligent curvaceous girl black or white to share an apt Must be mature sincere and passionate. Phone: maes after 6pm and leave name and number 846-7140.

**LETTER WRITERS**  
Don't answer an adult personal ad until you see what other people write. Dozens of hot letters answering AC/DC and straight ads placed by single girls and swinging couples just released (sent in plain wrapper) RUSH \$2 for The Letter File Box 36603-CS Hollywood 90036

Sensitivity training new introductory groups for interested parties are now forming call-825-6198 or 561-3623 evenings

**APHRODISIACS**  
Induce sexual desire Rush \$2 Magic Box 818CS Hollywood 90004

J. Sapp Please call, reverse charges We love you...Dad & Mums

**BLOW YOUR MIND**  
Smoke nutmeg and other turn-ons. How to prepare and use with details on mind bending effects \$2 for your high to VIBRATIONS Box 74607-CS Hollywood California 90004

USA Renta Car 32 N State St Rm 1400 Chicago phone ST 2-1813 Free cars everywhere in the USA

Nationally famous Chicago photographer is looking for male and female model to illustrate high quality all-color art book on the beauty of physical love. Will pay up to \$300 a week to each model for two weeks work Subjects should be late teens to early twenties Girl must be tall lean, & preferably leggy Man must be compatible Write Box FS % Seed

Chicago bachelor 33, successful writer, would like to meet girl who enjoys Judo and similar sports for companionship Ph one anytime Jim 642-1693

**GOING TO CANADA TO AVOID THE DRAFT?** You need the new April 1969 edition of 'Immigration to Canada and its relation to the Draft' Single copies free from the Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters, Case Postale 5, Succ Wsmst Montreal 215, Quebec Canada

Dig it, a lot of people have asked about some of the ads in our paper. We don't always know the people who place the ads as most of them come thru the mail. We have been informed that some of the ads have been placed by cops, and that other ads are not worth the bread you send in because you either don't get high or you never see your bread again. As far as possible we screen the ads in the seek and find section, but some of them you will have to be answering at your own risk.....love SEED

Believe it or not fine radio is really happening in Chicago on WXXM from 9 til midnite and continuing on to 4am on WEBH.

Underground Paper at New Trier West needs mimeo machine & misc supplies Call Joe at 251-7877

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# Earth Read-out



About 400 persons demonstrated alternatives to the internal combustion engine in Berkeley September 27 during a Smog-Free Locomotion Day parade through the downtown and campus areas of the city. Among alternatives exhibited in the parade were a Stanley Steamer, an electric car, unicycles, pogo sticks, an electric motorcycle, bicycles, electric scooters, roller skates, shoes. The parade was followed with a picnic and rock concert. The events were sponsored by Ecology Action, 1701 Carleton, Berkeley.

The parade came just two days after air-pollution levels reached a new high in the Berkeley area: a "combined pollutant index" of 121 indicating — even within the coy terms of the Bay Area Air Pollution Control District — "severe" pollution.

Meanwhile in Los Angeles a group called People's Lobby Inc. (5504 Hollywood Blvd, Hollywood Calif 90023) filed two initiatives which "if implemented by signatures and votes in the 1970 Central Election can effectively eliminate all forms of air pollution in a technologically feasible period of time.

"One initiative which requires 520,276 signatures, is an amendment to the State Constitution and simply states 'All persons have the inalienable right to live in an environment free of pollution and contamination. Conversely, no one has the right to pollute the air, land, and water of this State. The people find and declare that the condition of the environment at the time of the enactment of this Section is intolerable and deadly. The primary responsibility for eliminating environmental pollution rests upon the manufacturers of pollution-producing products and industries which cause pollution in their activities. The burden of pollution control shall not be placed upon the individual citizen by exorbitant profiteering, excessive taxes or otherwise.'

"The second is a State Revision, which requires 325,173 signatures, and is a highly technical document that will force abatement of all air pollution from stationary and automotive sources.

"PEOPLE'S LOBBY INC. needs help to carry this out. RE-EVALUATE YOUR PRIORITIES—because we and our environment are slowly dying. It is an indictment on our society that our children are denied the right to athletics on 'smog alert' days. It is an outrage that we are teaching our children to live in pollution instead of changing the pollution so we can live!"

The reference to denial of the right to athletics is explained more fully in the July-August ENVIRONMENT:

During heavy smog conditions Los Angeles County students are asked by the Air Pollution Control District not to exercise strenuously or breathe deeply. The non-exercise, non-deep-breathing requests will come when the ozone count reaches .35 parts per million, as it does on an average of 21 days a year, according to the Los Angeles Times. The Los Angeles County Medical Association estimates that air pollution forces 10,000 persons to leave the Los Angeles area each year.

ENVIRONMENT also relays a report from the Vancouver Sun indicating that Mexico City may have the worst air pollution problem in the world:

Researchers say that the carbon monoxide level is higher than that in midtown Manhattan and the amount of sulphur dioxide is greater than that of London. The amount of general industrial contaminants in the air is 10 times higher than in the heavily industrialized Rhine River Valley in Germany.

A National University of Mexico study claimed that an average of 26.2 tons of "floating garbage" settles on each square kilometer of the city each month. A UNESCO study of the problems stated that 1.46 million tons of air pollution is poured into the city's air each year and that the amount is increasing by 250,000 tons a year.



## MOREPOLLUTIONMOREPOLLUTIONMOREPOLLUTION

A brief from Technocracy Inc. cites the following air-pollution statistics (evidently for the U.S. on an annual basis) published by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare:

### STATIONARY SOURCES (industrial wastes)

2 million tons of carbon monoxide  
9 million tons of sulfur oxides  
2 million tons of nitrogen oxides  
4 million tons of hydrocarbons  
6 million tons of particulate matter

### MOTOR VEHICLES

66 million tons of carbon monoxide  
1 million tons of sulfur oxides  
6 million tons of nitrogen oxides  
12 million tons of hydrocarbons  
1 million tons of particulate matter

### POWER PLANTS

1 million tons of carbon monoxide  
12 million tons of sulfur dioxide  
3 million tons of nitrogen oxides  
1 million tons of hydrocarbons  
3 million tons of particulate matter

### SPACE HEATING

2 million tons of carbon monoxide  
3 million tons of sulfur oxides  
1 million tons of nitrogen oxides  
1 million tons of hydrocarbons

### REFUSE DISPOSAL

1 million tons of carbon monoxide  
1 million tons of sulfur oxides  
1 million tons of nitrogen oxides  
1 million tons of hydrocarbons  
1 million tons of particulate matter.

Other comments from the Technocracy people:

The grand total of this current estimate of waste doing lethal damage to the earth's atmosphere, from the U.S. alone, is 142 million tons! Add to this the waste from other industrial countries on this Continent, and in the world, and one can only conclude that the thin envelope of atmosphere around the earth, approximately 15 miles thick, is rapidly being filled with waste products that imperil human life.

While the political factions of this Continent scrap among themselves for control of government, while big business conspires and intrigues nationally and internationally for a heftier share of profits from commerce and trade, and while the Whites and Blacks threaten one another with annihilation, problems of simple human survival close in on this earth. . .

A human cannot live longer than a very few minutes without air. Breathing quietly, an individual will take in 500 cubic centimeters of air with each breath, which is equal roughly to one pint. At this normal rate of breathing an individual may over the course of a day be expected to require 20,000 lungfuls or more of air. The weight of the air consumed is considerably more than the body weight of the individual.

Traces (in the amount of about .03 percent) of carbon dioxide are necessary to stimulate respiration. Larger amounts of carbon dioxide increase the breathing rate. Further, ozone and nitrogen dioxide—increasingly present in the atmosphere around us from pollution—are suspected of accelerating aging because of their effect on body tissues. . .

The carbon monoxide from motor vehicles, space heating, industrial wastes and other sources transforms into carbon dioxide. But before completing the cyclical change, some of the monoxide and accompanying dirt and wastes pass through the lungs as the first swipe at human health. Individuals with respiratory problems can and do die of heavy concentrations of dirt-laden air.

As the pollution increases in volume a 'greenhouse' effect is developing in the earth's atmosphere. An increasingly dense concentration of carbon dioxide will permit the sun's rays to reach the earth, but the heat rays from the earth cannot escape as readily (much like an automobile standing in the sun with windows rolled up) into the atmosphere to maintain a vital balance in earth temperature. The list of scientists concerned with this trend is impressive and growing. The fear is that if pollutants going into the atmosphere are not severely curtailed, and soon, a warming trend of the earth may be accelerated to the point that the polar ice caps may begin melting which, by the year 2000 (a mere 31 years away), will not be reversible. If carried to this stage and a conclusion of the melting, the ocean levels will rise 300 to 400 feet, inundating great areas of arable land. Put this condition together with the prospect of a doubling of the earth's population by the year 2000 and it is quite clear that irreparable catastrophe would befall the entire earth. Either one of the conditions would be a disaster, but both at once could seal the fate of the human species, without question. . .

As if the exhaust into the atmosphere of waste products was not severe enough, the human animal is busily destroying vast areas of greenery which functions to absorb carbon dioxide from the atmosphere and converts it to more plant life. The plant life is responsible





for generating the oxygen we must have to survive. As an example of human stupidity at work, there has been talk about draining the Amazon River Valley and replacing the vegetation with cities and industry! . . . The problem has grown to international proportions. Certainly the entire world will have to cooperate in order to reverse deadly trends of air pollution. But first and foremost the North American Continent is called upon to lead the way toward the answer. What is the greatest impediment? Business is. There is no profit in controlling or reducing air pollution. The silly but expensive advertising of many automotive and other business concerns saying how they are doing something about air pollution is just more propaganda. The problem is being graphed, charted and analyzed. The trend is toward a worsening condition. . .

The August 23 issue of SCIENCE NEWS has this to say about poisons in the air: Nitric oxide, a main ingredient of Los Angeles-type smog, may seriously diminish the blood's capacity to carry oxygen under prolonged exposure. A series of tests at the University of California's Air Pollution Facility in Los Angeles exposed rabbits to photochemical smog of roughly the same concentrations encountered on Los Angeles freeways on a smoggy day. Prof. Albert F. Bush of the UCLA School of Engineering and Applied Science reports the blood's oxygen-carrying capacity was reduced by an average of 20 percent, and up to 38 percent, after the third test run.

Prof. Bush says the body's protective system will apparently withstand a single smog exposure, but weakens under continuous assaults. The blood's hemoglobin is believed to have 300,000 times greater affinity for nitric oxide than for oxygen, so that only a few parts of nitric oxide can present a threat.

The dangers of nitric oxide increase, rather than lessen, with the use of current anti-smog devices that were fixed about 10 years ago when driving was slower and standards were not aimed at nitrogen oxide emission.

Dr. Samuel S. Epstein of Children's Cancer Research Foundation, Boston, some months ago told the annual science writer's seminar of the American Cancer Society that in cities with a heavily polluted atmosphere a man could inhale enough cancer-producing substances in four months to develop a liver or lung tumor.

So what would you like to do about all this? What would we like to do about all this?

My attempts to answer this for myself are fouled by the persistent feeling that the few men who control Amerika are no longer merely rationally corrupt, rationally exploitative or aggressive—but in fact under huge and complex stresses have been driven very literally mad. More specifically they often seem masochistic: I do not think we can explain Operation Intercept or the plans for larger explosions on Amchitka or the attempts to appoint Haynesworth to the Supreme Court as mere acts of stupidity or recklessness or defiance.

It's hard to avoid the terrible conclusion that the poisons in the environment have already affected the minds of these men—and that for them there is little chance of escape from the cycle. Probably nothing short

of an enormous natural catastrophe can provide the jolt—the therapeutic shock—they need.

1— The Toronto Star and SF Chronicle—unlike the NY Times—often provide relatively frank reports and assessments of what's going down ecologically. Here are excerpts from a piece in the September 13 Toronto Daily Star:

Dr. Donald Chant, a University of Toronto professor, said yesterday he may sue the provincial government's pesticide advisory board if it does not soon ban the sale of DDT. Citizens should take the same action against government officials who allow pollution of land, air or water, Dr. Chant, chairman of the department of zoology, told a conference organized by Pollution Probe, a Toronto group set up in February to promote pollution control.

Dr. Chant said there was "absolutely undebatable" evidence that DDT causes cancer in mice, kills birds and changes the sex organs and the ability to learn in other creatures. He said the pesticide advisory board, which reports to the provincial Department of Health, was composed of four civil servants, one retired civil servant and four representatives of agricultural service industries—including one from a manufacturer of pesticides. "The bias in that group is so great," said Dr. Chant, "it's a wonder they don't fall over backwards." The board, he suggested, could be sued for conflict of interest. Chant said four countries had already banned DDT, and other political entities had either banned it or stopped its use for limited periods. Dr. Chant said that despite evidence that DDT was harmful to animals, governments, health officers and agriculturalists alike maintained that DDT was still indispensable. He said there were substitutes for all of its uses—including cutworm control in tobacco crops. He said more than 200,000 pounds of DDT were used by the tobacco industry in Ontario last year.

Dr. Chant said if man doesn't soon stop polluting the earth's land, air and water, someday could well arrive before the end of the century. . . He said there were at least five answers to the question, "How did we get into this mess?" The first is that the whole economy still operates at a pioneer stage. "The pioneer economy says there's always another river to dump wastes in. It's the idea that there's only one kind of economy—an economy of growth. Get bigger and you get better." But Chant said society now must "organize to live at a plateau situation, now a growth situation. Here we are, going around the country mining new mines and cutting down the trees without determining our real needs."

A second factor that has made the world easier to pollute is government, he said. "Governments are set up to do certain things—they are susceptible to pressures and to organized interests. Put pressure on government and government responds." The trouble, he said, is that only those polluting the environment were so far using those pressures—not those battling pollution. He called for a better "balance of biases."

Civil servants were a third reason. "I have a feeling," Chant said, "that civil servants represent a very large fly in the ointment. They become creatures of the agency they serve. They develop a possessive feeling about the department policies." They tend, he said, to shrug off facts.

Public indifference is a fourth factor in increased pollution, Chant said. He said people tend to get alarmed from time to time about it, but have an "emotional reluctance" to accept the fact that it could lead to catastrophe. A fifth reason was the citizens' "abysmal failure" to develop effective programs to combat pollution. . . Dr. Chant said that besides "suing the bastards," immediate steps in the pollution war should be "a major program of public information, as well as education of government officials."

2— The following appeared in the July-August ENVIRONMENT:

The death of birds continues to give warning of trouble in the environment. Fort Jefferson in the southern tip of Florida has recorded a major reproductive failure among sooty terns. According to biologists at the National Park, 98 percent of the population of 40,000 terns failed to reproduce successfully. Other bird species, including other terns, did not encounter any marked difficulty this year. First speculation as to causes of the failure centered around chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides, such as DDT, which are known to affect the reproduction of some birds. However corroborating evidence for this speculation has not been obtained. According to Boyd Evison of the Park Service some specialists now think that sonic booms are implicated in the failure. At recent hearings in Madison, Wisconsin over whether to ban DDT in that state, a poultry expert testified that sonic booms could cause changes in bird reproductive success, investigation into the tern's problem is continuing.

Keith Lampe

The truth,  
the whole truth,  
and nothing  
but the truth.

My Bucket's Got A Hole In It  
Honky Tonk Blues  
May You Never Be Alone  
Lovesick Blues  
Kaw-liga  
I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry  
Move It On Over  
Ramblin' Man  
Honky Tonkin'  
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# CAN THIS REALLY BE THE MEANS?

from Page Three

We have been shown that the police are not supermen, that they can be hurt and possibly defeated, although the Weatherman tactic in this action, open and announced confrontation, one army marching on another one, is absurd as an urban tactic. The Panthers showed us the police were not bulletproof; Weathermen showed us that white people are capable of fighting, too; but as inspiration it just doesn't come off. (Who wants to be like them?) So tactically there are lessons to be learned from their successes and failures. Politically, there is almost nothing positive we can learn from them.

## WHAT WE CAN LEARN

It may be satisfying to us or you to run them down like this, but we aren't doing it to get our rocks off. Weatherman is not an aberration, but the logical conclusion of several trends which have been running through our culture and our movement for years. Everyone has a tendency to despair of ever reaching those lunks out there in front of their TV screens; Weatherman shows us some of the logical consequences of doing that. (If you don't serve the people, then maybe you eventually have to come to fighting them.) We all have a fantasy running through our heads about fighting cops, too. Two years ago, I remember sitting in front of a TV screen watching Oakland cops beat shit out of people

and wishing for a machine gun: Bradadapkapow FOOM! Not only have we been confronted with what that really means in our guts, but a whole reality-dimension has been added to the fantasy, making it just that much less of a fantasy and irrevocably transforming it.

There were positive things about it: basically it completed one section of the myth which we are all formulating to live by, and it showed us in bold relief the strengths and weaknesses of that direction. (Unfortunately, the weaknesses were predominant.) Enough for the negative trip on Weatherman. Any fool can put them down--witness the Tribune. Positive ideas are left up to all of us. Let us know what you think.

## ABBEY ROAD CONT. FROM PAGE 13

ge step forward in that area, but a fast survey of all the blindingly-fast guitarists will show that technique is secondary to imagination. George's fertile imagination transforms tributes to the rock & roll of bygone days into new excursions into 'that old feeling'.

Groping for a single word to encompass the musical package, the same old word pops to mind --- the Beatles are (were, will be) eclectic. They span the whole field of music, and even their adaptations of existing forms follows no set pattern. Sometimes hyping old forms into rock, sometimes exaggerating the tired old formula, often inventing new approaches--categorization fails, other than saying that they rarely miss, and never miss by enough to produce a bad piece of music.

For example, Because, on Side 1, strikes me the way several cuts on the last album did; stilted, overarranged. The next cut starts out the same prettified way. About 20 seconds into the song, the whole motif changes, and the Beatle's musical sense turns a potential humdrum into pure kinetic excitement. Again.

The Beatles can only fall short of themselves.

If the Beatles are always faced with the challenge of living up to their best, this album often sets that standard with about 6 instant Beatle "classics." The brightest gem in the collection is Here Comes the Sun, a George Harrison composition that MUST be the best thing he's ever done; maybe the best thing the Beatles have ever done; maybe the best thing anyone's ever done. Simple yet complex, touching and joyous, it is capable of making you happy just by its presence in the room, and I recommend listening to Side 2 first just to get the initial flash of it.

Side 2 has 10 (count 'em--10) bands, several no more than 90 seconds long. Every cut is capable of sucking you deeply in, only to deposit you effortlessly into the next. You find yourself tempted to play each cut over before going on to the next. A collection of sweet tastes and brief tickles. Side 1 is more conventionally organized, and contains 25-plus minutes of music; a more thorough study of the Beatles technique.

Without going through the trip of reviewing every cut on the album, there are a couple of things worth mentioning. Polythene Pam and She Came in Through the Bathroom Window flow together on side 2, and

both are brilliant examples of modern rock; the former with the feel of The Who, but bouncier, and the latter a beautiful example of what can be done working from basic rock and roll, but with a deeper, fuller sound, a chorus somehow reminiscent of Lady Madonna, and some terrific licks from Harrison's guitar.

Come Together is an obvious John Lennon inspiration, and the images are simply absurd and absurdly simple---pure Lennon poetry. Maxwell's Silver Hammer is McCartney-nostalgia and more Lennon lyrical loopiness. Oh, Darling has a Fats Domino melody and vocalizing worthy of the Crests doing Sixteen Candles.

The more I think about each individual cut, the more I'm tempted to label them "outtasite" or "far-fuckinout" or similar lameouts, so I'll desist with a warning.....don't turn off side 2 for a while, it ain't over.

Buy a copy (or, in view of the exorbitant price, rip one off) and find out what the fuck I'm talking about.

ELIOT-

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# easy rider cont.

photographically and thematically is a masterstroke on the part of director Hopper—it actually serves to underline everything Billy says and does. On the way they pick up a Southern lawyer played by Jack Nicholson, whose brilliant, hokey performance steals the show. (Definition of a great film performance by an actor.) Their pilgrimage involves a lot more than sight-seeing, but the sights and sounds of their shared experiences flow out of the geographic and psychic mobility they have at their command. The acid trip in New Orleans is a psychic journey whose intersection with the geographical travels of Captain America and Billy forms the core of the film: it takes place in a cemetery. Hopper is thus consistent here; his concern is with the deepest psychic levels on which the drug experience operates, rather than with its more sensational “fringe benefits.”

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Janis Ian.  
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Captain America and Billy are not without “roots” but the roots they have are not bound up in geography or in the soil; these deeper psychic roots have an arbitrary nature as if they could be sunk anywhere, in any substance, including chemical. There is a “realistic” look and feel to the journey of these two, a familiarity with its sights and sounds that confuses us, misleads us to think we are indeed covering known territory. We are, on one comparatively insignificant level; but the reality involved is transmuted into a very non-“real,” imaginative experience. *Easy Rider* is in most ways no more realistic than a Marvel comic. Rather, comics may someday themselves be considered realistic, and *Easy Rider* bears more similarity to the forms and patterns and internal dynamics of that type of reality than it does to the realism of conventional films. What is so astounding about this film is that Hopper and Fonda brought off their experiment successfully, that they created what is in essence a parable, a morality play, a fairy tale of today with many of the prototypes and archetypes of the imaginative fiction of the literary past reformulated to meet the demands of a postliterate world of the Rolling Stones, televised assassination, and Spider Man. It is not so much what we perceive in the film that seems familiar or looks “realistic”—is it how we experience this film that we recognize and welcome. The material with which *Easy Rider* is fashioned—its words and sounds and images—come directly from a “real” world most young people are familiar with, while the myths and archetypes it conjures up are from another, deeper level just as familiar but not nearly as well known. The look and feel and sound of familiarity merely points up the fact that the director has wisely chosen myths that his audience participates in. As William Blake said generations ago (or as anyone who has ever taken acid can tell you), “If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would be as it is, only infinite.”

Even the major flaw of *Easy Rider* serves to underline the nature of its achievement: the two lapses from formal emphasis (and its resulting “effects”) into Content (“ideas”). In the commune scene, when Captain America surveys the hippies newly returned to the land, Hopper ignored the muted ambivalence in this scene and allowed Fonda to say, “They’re gonna make it.” (Fonda reacted vehemently against the inclusion of this line, tried repeatedly to cut it out, but was overruled.) The thought itself is dubious, but even without his summing up wo-

rd, the idea he expresses would have been beautifully latent in the scene itself, with the ambivalent quality, too. The inclusion of a long rap by Nicholson, the lawyer, in the scene where the three travellers go to sleep in the woods (a crucial scene in every way) exhibits the film’s failure to go all the way in attempting a non-literary approach to film. In this rap, Nicholson explains, narrates and discourses in a most conventionally thematic way on the “issue” of Freedom; how perfectly evocative, how completely within the tone of the rest of the film would that scene have been had Nicholson’s rap been cut down to only a few, carefully chosen remarks. (For instance, merely the inclusion of his comment about the hostility of the poor whites which says, “How can you be free when you are bought and sold in the market place?”) Contrast this awkward, talky scene with the wonderfully effective sequence in the cave when the lawyer smokes his first joint and goes into an amazing rap about higher beings from another planet (this rap has to do with a consciousness shared not by Martians or Venutians but by young people on this very planet) which mesmerizes and confuses Billy, amuses and stimulates Captain America, and provides one of the high moments in all the film for the audience. Here all the words function not to produce “ideas” in the viewer but rather to contribute further to the overall “effects” of that particular scene. What better scene—the one in the cave—to illustrate the uniqueness of the reaction *Easy Rider* produces in young people. A young audience experiences this turn-on scene in the cave a very different way, qualitatively, from the way in which, for example, an older person who had been on the French Riviera in the 1920’s might experience the scenes which are supposed to take place there at that time in *The Loves of Isadora*. A contact high is not merely a more intense form of nostalgia, a more vivid “memory” and the differences between the two experiences are the differences between the generations.

Thus, the experiences provided for young people by the dominant media in their own time—electricity, television, comics, rock and roll—are beginning to have a significant impact on the medium of film, previously dominated by a more literary cast of the people making and viewing motion pictures. Any confusion that results from attempts to intellectualize *Easy Rider* will result from an attempt to force Content into a Form that works quite well without it. Getting deep into *Easy Rider* is easy as hell; this film is accessible to everyone. As with acid, or revolution, on, in order to understand it, you must let the experience itself inform your comprehension of what happens: in our electronic world, the medium, as they say, is the message.

*Easy Rider* is one picture worth many thousands of words. It will knock you on your ass.

Grest Speckleb Bird

Miller Francis jr.



DENNIS HOPPER

JACK NICHOLSON

PETER FONDA





# easy rider

"The basic unit for contemporary art is not the idea, but the analysis of and extension of sensations. (Or if it is an 'idea,' it is about the form of sensibility.) The most interesting works of contemporary art are adventures in sensation, new 'sensory mixes.'"

Susan Sontag, "On Culture and the New Sensibility"

*Easy Rider* marks the first real appearance of a new kind of mass-distributed cinema: in addition, it is a healthy first step in the now inevitable dismantling of the film industry as we know it. A model of a film made not "by" but despite the movie industry. *Easy Rider* was of little interest to Columbia Pictures while it was still the brainchild of Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda. But after it had been made independently—for only \$400,000 (a far cry from underground films but cheap when you consider that the Goldiggers' Contac ad for TV cost \$120,000 for less than one minute of film)—the corporate heads were delighted merely to get in on the distribution end of what they recognized as one of the hottest film properties in history of the medium.

What Hopper and Fonda have retained from the industry in their independent production of *Easy Rider* are one, its technology (this film bears only a superficial resemblance to the stylistic appearance of most underground films) and, two, its wide distribution network—both still the properties of the industry, much the same as recording equipment and nationwide distribution outlets remain in the hands of the record corporations. Thus, the makers of *Easy Rider* have intentionally or indirectly avoided the elitist audience syndrome that is the fate of underground films: rather than have their film viewed by a small, "hip" group of political and artistic intellectuals, Hopper and Fonda have created a media experience which will probably be shared by every young person in America, and certainly by a large percentage of youth all over the globe!

What accounts for the incredibly strong gut reaction *Easy Rider* produces in its young audiences? It is not so much "better" than other films (though it is a fine film from almost any standpoint) as it is "new" in a vital way—the first "commercial" (i.e., widely-distributed) motion picture to embody the new youth consciousness. When someone invents the wheel, we don't insist that it be a particularly good one, only that it work. Other films have reached some levels of the raised, heightened sensual consciousness of our generation—*Bonnie & Clyde*, *A Hard Day's Night*, *Faces*, etc. but none with the same depth and intensity. *Easy Rider*, both in form and content, works almost wholly within the realm of "the new sensibility," and concerns itself with the clash between this new way of perceiving reality (and, crucially, the new reality) and the old, one-dimensional consciousness it seeks to replace.

*Easy Rider*'s success as a media experience has everything to do with the different perceptual awarenesses shared by young people as a result of their greater involvement with electric and electronic media of communication. To say that the makers of *Easy Rider* have watched, and assimilated, a lot more television than their film-making predecessors is to begin to approach the ways in which their film is unique. The biggest contribution to the new sensibility shared by young people today is their experience of the medium of television with its emphasis of form over content, and its "cool" involving nature. According to an article by Tod Gitlin called

"Television and the Movement' (*Leviathan*, July/August 1969), "Television... is a lens which heightens what it treats and diminishes what it ignores. What it writes, it writes large. To some extent it trains the viewer to demand clear, simple images. Time shrinks along with space. That quantitative shrinking becomes qualitative, partly because the event is more vivid than older media could make, partly because the illusion of being present at the event makes it more easily reproducible. TV is a medium of reinforcement, simplification, instantaneity, and symbol manipulation. "Young people know more intelligently how to turn on to the medium of television, especially its advertising. Television advertising, much more so than any of the programs, which try to retain the elements from literary forms, newspapers, the novelistic form of movies, the linear plot development of books and theater—understands the medium in which it works: a TV ad is an exercise in pure form, with almost no content whatsoever. Thus, the great attraction of television at the end of an age of alienation and fragmentation. Its purported "narcotic" effect appeals even to, or especially to, those who hate the medium: its "cool" (Low definition) image and its small screen made up of electronic dots (like those of a comic) require involvement on the part of the viewer to complete the images. The total effect is very similar to what users of consciousness-expanding drugs call 'ego loss'—the real source of TV's magnetism.

Other media experiences have also contributed to the new sensibility: rock and roll music, most importantly, which—despite the literary elements introduced by Dylan—has remained a cool, involving one that so little "content" that it totally confuses and disorients those accustomed to more traditional forms of music derived from an age of literacy. It is almost ludicrous, but completely understandable, when older people try to "listen" to rock with their ears only (small wonder they worry about deafness in the young!); they can hardly grasp the notion that music can be met, embraced, enveloped by the whole body and all its surfaces and senses. The "concert" has become the total environment of the pop festival. Comic "books" with their balloned conversations and their boldly stroked characters projects a simpler, more basic (and ultimately more fantastic and mythical) version of reality. The characters in *Easy Rider* are straight out of comics, the music is rock and roll, the technical devices emphasize broad, sweeping perceptions at

the expense of detailed, cumulative data, and the dialogue (with a few exceptions—this is the major flaw in the film) is simple and evocative, rather than explanatory, narrative and thematic. This is why you respond to Captain America as the central character of the film regardless of the fact that the other two main characters are much more interesting and detailed in their depiction: Fonda is the cool personage of the film. He grounds it and provides a more basic, wide-open image for completion (and thus involvement) by the audience. This is also why the violence in *Easy Rider* (and in *Bonnie & Clyde*) is so devastatingly repellent in its impact whereas all of us have sat through countless Hollywood violence epics without experiencing any negative shock and horror at all (quite the contrary, Hollywood pushes your face into it and makes you love it). *Easy Rider* embodies the new sensibility, and within the new psychic reality it generates, violence cannot have the same function as it had before. It becomes a physical horror with cosmic overtones. Just as the previous generation cannot force the experience of rock and roll in through the ears, our generation, "waking up" sensually, becoming accustomed to experiencing with all the senses (especially the newly awakened sense of touch) recoils from physical violence on all those sensual levels.

Peter Fonda calls *Easy Rider* an "allegory of cinema verite," and no other descriptive term could be more accurate. *Easy Rider* does not "contain" a linear plot so much as it "is" a circular, cyclical round of experiences shared by two young men—Robin Hood and Big John, The Lone Ranger and Tonto, Bat Man and Robin, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza—called in the film Captain America and Billy. They ride cross-country side by side from Los Angeles to Louisiana (and from Mardi Gras out into cosmic space) on two of the most elegant, most opulently appointed motorcycles you'll ever see.

Fonda is perfect as Captain America: innocent and yet wise beyond his years, ethereal, feminine, quietly wise, doomed by his innocence, betrayed by his knowledge. Dennis Hopper, who directed the film and wrote it with Fonda (Terry Southern contributed only the title and his "name" in order to raise money), admirably underplays the faithful sidekick, de-emphasizes Billy's role

